

# THE LIVING AGE.

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FROM BEGINNING  
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## CONTENTS

I. The Cult of the Foul. <i>By Frederic Harrison.</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	707
II. The Re-Unification of Italy. <i>By Richard Bagot.</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	713
III. Fortuna Chance. Chapter II. Mainly Educational. <i>By James Prior.</i> (To be continued.)		720
IV. Farewell to the Land. <i>By Stephen Gwynn.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	727
V. Analogies. III. The Door. <i>By Linesman.</i>	SPECTATOR	733
VI. Vernon and the Viceroy. <i>By E. Christian.</i>	PALL MALL MAGAZINE	736
VII. The New Era in China.	NATION	745
VIII. A Winter's Walk in Andalusia. <i>By Aubrey F. G. Bell.</i>	NATIONAL REVIEW	747
IX. Stories of Successful Lives. II. The Painter's. <i>By A. A. M.</i>	PUNCH	753
X. Lord Lister.	OUTLOOK	755
XI. The Psychology of Shirking. <i>By F. H. M.</i>	ACADEMY	756
XII. The Quiet Ones. <i>By A. E. Manning Foster.</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	760
XIII. German Politics and the Question of Armaments.	ECONOMIST	761
XIV. Dickens and New Grub Street. <i>By K. H.</i>	EYE-WITNESS	764

## A PAGE OF VERSE.

XV. A Big Boy's Lullaby. <i>By Mildred Huzley.</i>	SPECTATOR	766
XVI. The Courts. A Figure of the Epiphany. <i>By Alice Meynell.</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	766
XVII. Epilogue. <i>By Edmund Gosse.</i>		766
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		766



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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## A BIG BOY'S LULLABY.

Fairies and shadows all have had their day,  
 The tended glamor of "good-night" is past,  
 You shut the door—as men do—when you pray,  
 In grief or joy you turn your eyes away . . .  
 The world has got you, little son, at last.

When yet you were a dream I wrapped you, dear,  
 In all the fearful wonderment of Spring,  
 But when you came I almost ceased to fear,  
 Lest this great moulding, this my purpose here  
 Should suffer from a moment's faltering.

And now my moulding's done; a ruder hand  
 Shall shape my dream to some design unknown,  
 And I, a stranger in a sweet, strange land,  
 Shall watch the fair fields of your soul expand,  
 And reap what fruits of all that I have sown?

Yet that which was remains; and though the world  
 Holds you to-day, my arms once held you fast.  
 And when at night time you are lying curled  
 Child-wise in dreaming—when your heart's unfurled  
 To hear God's tender evening psalms at last—

Listen, my little son, for I, too, sing:  
 Hush, love is over all and love's divine.  
 The world that parts us is a shadow-thing  
 (Laugh at the world and it shall crown you king),  
 And you are mine still, Boy, and only mine.

*Mildred Hurley.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE COURTS.

## A FIGURE OF THE EPIPHANY.

The poet's imageries are noble ways,  
 Approaches to a plot, an open shrine.  
 Their splendors, colors, avenues, arrays,

Their courts that run with wine;

Beautiful similes, "fair and flagrant things,"

Enriched, enamoring; raptures, metaphors

Enhancing life, are paths for pilgrim kings

Made free of golden doors.

And yet the open heavenward plot, with dew

—Ultimate poetry, enclosed, enskyed  
 (Albeit such ceremonies lead thereto)  
 Stands on the yonder side.

Plain, behind oracles, it is; and past  
 All symbols simple; perfect, heavenly-wild,

The song some loaded poets reach at last—

The Kings that found a Child.

*Alice Meynell.*

*The Saturday Review.*

## EPILOGUE.

Before my tale of days is told,

O may I watch on reverent knees,  
 The Unknown Beauty once unfold  
 The magic of her mysteries!

Before I die, O may I see,

Clasp'd in her violet girdle, Spring;  
 May April breezes blow to me  
 Songs that the youngest poets sing.

Howe'er it be, I will not quail

To tell the lapse of years like sand;  
 My faith in beauty shall not fall  
 Because I fail to understand.

So, to my days' extremity,

May I, in patience infinite,  
 Attend the beauty that must be,  
 And, though it slay me, welcome it.

*Edmund Gosse.*

## THE CULT OF THE FOUL.

In Art, as indeed in not a few other things, a powerful man of genius who invents a new type, is a fatal snare to susceptible youth. He starts a reaction against some current form of which the age has grown weary; and forthwith in art, in books, or music, in collars, games, or slang—the young rush in to imitate the novelty, just as a flock of lambs will follow a bell-wether into a sunk ditch. The watchword of the twentieth century is *Unrest*—Journalism, Politics, Literature and Art rings with one cry—"All change here!" Not that it is often change for any definite gain. It is "change for the sake of a change," the thirst to get out of our old life, habits, thoughts and pleasures, to get into new lives, new selves. It runs round England, Europe, America, Asia, and the World, like the dancing mania in the Middle Ages. We are all whirled along, thrust onward by the vast restless crowd, ever calling out for "something fresh"—"something up-to-date"—for the "last thing out!" "Omnes eodem cogimur."

Even in former ages, before the universal thirst for change set in, the impulse of a potent genius often had a disastrous effect on his own art. What academic mannerism followed the ideal compositions and bewitching poses of Raphael. As I write there stands before my eyes—it has stood so continuously since 1850—Volpato's fine engraving of Raphael's "School of Athens" in the Vatican Stanze. It has always been to me the perfect type of artful grouping of grand figures—the symbolic Olympus of antique thought—and yet by its very grace, by its symmetry, its severe dignity, equal to a drama of Sophocles, it heralds a long era of vapid elegance.

Michael Angelo, a far greater mind and a bigger nature, had an even more

ruinous effect upon those who tried to obtain his power by copying his exaggeration. It took the French stage a century and a half to shake off the tragic traditions of Corneille and Racine, as it took English verse a century to recover from Pope and English prose fifty years to recover from Johnson and Gibbon. Victor Hugo's sensationalism ran to seed in *Monte Christo*, and Walter Scott's glorious romances led on to Bulwer and James. In music we got so cloyed with Mozart's melodies and Chopin's dulcimer tones that many flew to Wagner's crashing discords, as if robustious recitative were a new avatar of Blood and Iron. Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray were voted to be both slow and longwinded; and then the smart world would read nothing but short stories about adultery and gold-bugs, or, it might be, a scrambling trip in a new Panhard. "Quisque suos patimur Manes"—i.e. every great man brings his bogey with him.

The new craze under which we are now suffering is the Cult of the Foul, or, to put it in Greek, it may be dubbed *Aischrolatreia*—worship or admiration of the Ugly, the Nasty, the Brutal. Poetry, Romance, Drama, Painting, Sculpture, Music, Manners, even Dress, are now recast to suit popular taste by adopting forms which hitherto have been regarded as unpleasing, gross, or actually loathsome. To be refined is to be "goody-goody"; gutter slang is so "actual"; if a ruffian tramp knifes his pal, it is "so strong"; and, if on the stage his ragged paramour bites off a rival's ear, the halfpenny press screams with delight. Painters are warned against anything "pretty," so they dab on bright tints to look like a linoleum pattern, or they go for subjects to a thieves' kitchen. The one aim in life, as in Art, is to shock one's grand-

mother. And when the Society woman dances in bare legs, the up-to-date girl can dress herself like a stable-lad.

A debasement so general and so violent must needs have an originating cause; and this will be found in two reasons—first, in the legitimate reaction against mawkish conventions; secondly, in the imitation of powerful examples. Both of these exist in a high degree. It is true that for about the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century, the dominant tone retained a strain of dull convention. It is ridiculous to call it Victorian—because it was more or less common to Europe and America, and in literature, drama, painting, sculpture, music, and certainly in dress, it was rather more French than English. The good lady who stiffly declined to be "fast," or even "smart," in anything, had very little to do with it. Things were decorous, refined, and conventional, because it was an age of serious, decent, unimaginative men and women with a turn for science, social reform, and making things comfortable.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century several men of original genius made their influence felt over Europe—all of them more or less anarchic souls. About two generations after the death of Scott and of Goethe in 1832, the world of literature and art began to be stirred by Ibsen, Tolstol, Zola, Gorkhi, Wagner, Doré, Björnsterne, Björnson, d'Annunzio. All repudiated conventions and drove their scapels deep down into the vitals of humanity. The Scandinavian and Mongol imagination revels in horrors, unnatural crimes, de-sexed women, and depraved and abnormal degenerates. The Latin races tend more to obscenity and gore. The world agrees that all those just named above were men of powerful genius, who have enriched their age with permanent masterpieces. The question remains if they have not

encouraged weaker imitators to drag the type of Art down to the world of the crude, the cruel, the morbid, and the loathsome.

Foremost among the men of genius who are creating a new school in Europe stands Augustin Rodin, the author of that wonderful invention—Impressionist Sculpture. Rodin is a man of original genius, and most judges would call him the greatest living sculptor in Europe, and he is the leader of the most popular school of sculpture. He has certainly produced some works of marvellous power. His courage, his originality, his intelligence make him the idol of the younger artists, who see in him a new Michael Angelo. Not only do we note his influence in every art gallery in Europe, but he has formulated his canons of art in dogmatic and literary form. Like Leonardo, Buonarroti, and Cellini, he is not only a great artist, but a writer of distinction, at least his utterances are now embodied in books. One of these is *L'Art*, interviews recorded by Paul Gsell—a fine quarto volume with numerous photographs.<sup>1</sup>

Without attempting to offer any opinion about M. Rodin's fantasies in marble, as one of the plain people who cannot always grasp the mysticism under these veiled *ébauches* in plaster or stone, I can quite follow the doctrines laid down in the trenchant words of *L'Art*; for Rodin, who so often carves men and women as if they were seen in a fog, or behind a semi-transparent curtain, speaks with a clear and masterful voice which all can understand. The book altogether is exceedingly interesting, full of true and striking maxims, rich with apposite illustrations, and alive throughout with daring paradox. It enables us to know the man as well as his creations. And if it shows him to be a man of great original power, it explains the source of his gross extrava-

<sup>1</sup>Paris, B. Grasset, 1911.

gances, his caricatures which are called portraits, his love-dreams, and the capulous nightmares he sometimes eternalizes in solid stone.

In the first chapter of *L'Art* Rodin expounds the key of his system. He opens with true and forcible protests against all kind of academic pose. He simply seizes a spontaneous movement which he sees in his model. He does not place him or dictate any set attitude. Very good, but not quite true; for the *Danaid*, the *Last Appeal*, and the *Ugolino* (pp. 29, 32, 209) are certainly not casual and spontaneous attitudes. He goes on to say that he does not reproduce the *external surface* of what he sees, but the *inner spirit* of what he imagines beneath the surface. A cast will only give the outside form. Rodin moulds the underlying truth. "*I accentuate those lines which best express the spiritual state which I am interpreting.*" That is an exact description of the caricaturist. Rodin proclaims himself to be a systematic caricaturist. "Take my statue of the *Last Appeal*," he says, "here I overstrain the muscles which denote distress. Here and there I exaggerate the tension of the tendons which mark the spasm of prayer." The average eye sees the things before its vision. "The artist reads deep into the bosom of Nature."

Of course the real artist sees much that the ordinary eye does not see. But he does not see that which is not—and cannot be—there. He sees more than the vulgar eye can see. This, of course, is the meaning of all great portraiture. The most exact photograph reproduces the minutest mark or trait on a face, but it does not reproduce the expression in its highest significance. No photograph of the living Monna Lisa would have given us all that Leonardo saw in that mystical and unfathomable smile. But Leonardo did not paint what no eye ever saw or could have seen in the living Monna

Lisa, in order to express his own views of the lady's private character. Leonardo painted what was there, and showed the world what they might see if they had an artist's eye.

It is a quite different thing when we come to the sculptor's art, and are dealing with representations of the nude human body. One who puts into marble the appearance of the nude torso and limbs of man has no right to mould on his marble surface that which never was, and never could be, on the living skin. In vain he tells us that he brings out and stamps upon the surface or skin of his figure's torso and limbs the "spiritual state" inside the organs, "the interior truth" which he takes to be covered up in the outside show. Sculpture is an art of *surfaces* as painting is not. A statue is the exact facsimile of a human figure—made motionless, rigid, and self-colored, so that by a stage device a living person can be mistaken for a statue. A statue professes to be the exact copy of a living figure in everything but movement and color. The sculptor who moulds on his surface what does not exist on any living surface is a caricaturist.

This doctrine of presenting the "spiritual truth" in sculpture, not the visible realism, is carried out in Rodin's figures where he "exaggerates muscles," "overstrains tendons," in order to express ideas which are latent and not visible in fact. The *Last Appeal* is a youth on his knees "torn with anguish," and the arms flung upwards and backwards in convulsions, as they might be in epilepsy, or in the horrible surgical study of *Opisthotonos* in Sir Charles Bell's book, *The Anatomy of Expression*, Essay VII. Again, in the *Ugolino*, perhaps the most ghastly subject which could be chosen for sculpture, the emaciated father is bending down to gnaw his dead son, like a famished beast. One fails to see where the

"spiritual truth" comes in with this bestial group. Then, the *Danaid* is turning a somersault in a mud-bath, apparently presenting the *notes* for surgical examination. All of these not only reek with morbid exaggeration, but are morally and physically loathsome.

- Being loathsome enough to shock any grandmother, indeed almost loathsome enough to make a decent person sick, and being full of profound anatomical learning, and also of glyptic genius, these novelties are hailed as a new revelation by the youthful enthusiast who would be "up-to-date." Bestiality seems to be carried to its highest limit in the statue called *La Vieille Heaulmière*, of which a photograph is given at p. 40. The name, a word not current in French, is adopted from a ballad of that fifteenth century jail-bird, Villon, and means The Old Strumpet. Well! She is represented as an emaciated and diseased hag looking down on her mummified body, shrivelled limbs, and dragged dugs, with shame and horror. M. Rodin's gushing friend sets out the beastly little poem of Villon, and says that the sculptor has even surpassed the poet—*oculis submissa fidelibus*—by the horrible realism of this shrunken nudity. He goes into raptures over "the knotted limbs," "the pendant teats," "the scarred abdomen," and the "wrinkled skin, dropping in shreds like bits of parchment." "No artist," he says, "ever yet showed us a naked hag with a crudity so ferocious." Probably not; but those who care for such a spectacle might visit a dissecting table in a surgery or a riverside mortuary in the East End. He could there find some such pitiable human wreck, and might discover for himself the "spiritual truth," "the inner moral" of it all, without the help of M. Rodin. The lesson of debauchery ending in corruption is one for morals, religion, science

—not for Art. The *Heaulmière* as a statue is the last word of moral, physical, artistic degradation.

M. Rodin has certainly parted with conventional prettiness—your Venus, Cupids, and Apollos—but surely in too violent a rebound. He would be invaluable to illustrate a scientific work on morbid anatomy—where even "exaggeration" and the "inner truth" might be useful to students. In that most interesting book by Sir Charles Bell, *The Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression* (my copy is the sixth edition, 1872), there are some striking plates with the great surgeon's types of violent passions, agonies, and disease. These are Weeping, Laughter, Pain, Convulsions, Hydrophobia, Terror, Despair, Rage, and Madness. These powerful designs express what, from the point of view of anatomy and surgery, these distortions of the human countenance are in real fact. They are instructive to students of medicine, and indeed to students of art. But they are not art, for they give not pleasure but disgust. Rodin's distortions, for all his exaggerations, are not nearly so real and true as the surgeon's work, but they are sufficiently true to disease and debasement to be horribly loathsome.

To answer this charge which his admirer repeats, Rodin says *equitibus cano!*—i.e. My work is for connoisseurs—and he then argues with truth and eloquence that a great artist, like a great poet, can transfigure the *ugly* and the *horrible* into grand works of art. And he cites Velazquez, Michael Angelo, Donatello, and Millet, Dante, Shakespeare, and Racine. No one denies the terrible power of the Sistine frescoes, of the *Laocoon*, of Botticelli's illustrations to the *Inferno*. As to poetry, and even painting, the conditions are different from those of sculpture. Michael Angelo's sublime frescoes or his *Notte* may have a terrible

element, but they are grand, and not disgusting. Donatello's *Magdalene* is pathetic, and not loathsome. And as to Millet's *Angelus*, or his *Glaneuses*, they are full of the most subtle and exquisite grace. *The Peasant with the Hoe* is a composition as full of dignity as of simplicity. Yes! Millet's work really transforms the plainest and rudest laborers into figures radiant with the glory of simple Nature. That is the magic of true art. But Rodin's coarse types remain ugly brutes. And his *Old Strumpet* is nothing but a naked hag.

Great as Rodin is as sculptor, he often in this book appears even as literary critic rather than artist, sometimes almost as poet. He says some fine, true, and useful things. But when he handles his clay and begins to put his ideas of Nature into form, the craze for the ugly, the grotesque, and the morbid seems to overpower his sense of beauty, and with all his genius, his power, and his superb technical gifts, he produces too often caricatures not masterpieces. No judge of art, whether he sits in the ranks of the "Knights" or of the *Plebs* in the pit, denies that an artist can make a beautiful work out of the plainest and the commonest themes. Murillo and Velazquez did, Millet did, Israels did. But he must issue in beautiful and noble works of art, not in facsimiles of what is repulsive and nauseous. Now the *John the Baptist* of Rodin is an over-trained and coarse-limbed boxer in an ungainly attitude. The feet and hands may be "true," but they are unsightly; the Prophet's head is fine, but sits oddly on a stark-naked athlete. The *Burghers of Calais* has some powerful figures, and from the literary point of view it is an original and telling conception. But one or two of the figures are in grotesque and ludicrous attitudes. Perhaps when they came before Edward the Third with halters

round their necks they did not look graceful. But we trust they did not look absurd. Rodin has exerted his powers of caricature in making them ungainly mummers fit to make a crowd laugh.

Rodin, the romancer à la Hugo, is constantly carrying away the imagination of Rodin the sculptor. Unnatural monstrosities, nightmares, and Zolaesque and Doré-esque fantasies crowd his fertile brain—for he is a real poet—and they seize his hand when he begins to model. Blake was like this—but Blake was more the poet than the artist; Leonardo even had a love of grotesque. But there is nothing either laughable or disgusting in Leonardo or in Blake, whatever monstrosity crossed their brain; and they were painters, not sculptors. But Rodin's *Female Centaur* is monstrous, and ugly, and laughable all at once. His *Faun and Nymph* is coarse and absurd. Whatever of the monstrous, the unnatural, the morbid, is possible in literature, even in painting, this sculpture, with its definite solidity, its objective fixity, its tangible permanence, rejects from its sphere. We can imagine in poetry Satans, Apollyons, Minotaurs, Dragons, and Ghosts, and even may have them on canvas or in etchings, but they are impracticable and silly when fashioned in the objective solidity of marble. The bloody sockets of Oedipus or the snaky tresses of the Furies would not be tragic in stone. And even Rodin's genius could hardly convince us by making a statue of Banquo's ghost. It is a fatal snare when a man of genius in more than one domain loses all sense of the motives, limits, and conditions of the different arts.

The radical sophism on which much of Rodin's art is built is that which infects some things of Ibsen, Zola, Gorkhi, at times even of Tolstoi, and the small fry of the brutalizing Deca-

dence. It is the dogma that there is nothing in Nature—nothing visible—which is not a fitting subject for art, that when the artist presents in vivid words or form what he has seen, or can see, it is for the world to admire, and no one can complain. The most repulsive, unnatural, unmentionable act or sight, when represented with striking truth, becomes a work of art, and, according to Rodin, beautiful by its artistic power. This is an absurd sophism. Every hour of every day, in every street, or house, or room, with every man, woman, child, or animal, in every hospital, prison, mortuary, or battle-field, are infinite sights which cannot be shown in art. Of all the arts, that of sculpture is that which is least tolerant of that which is obscene or loathsome. A great poet in a lofty spirit of idealism can typify almost anything. Michael Angelo and Correggio have in painting idealized the myths of Leda and of Ixion, and both experiments have been much doubted. But one may defy Rodin himself to make marble groups which should literally represent—say the last line of Canto XXI of the *Inferno*, or line 500 of the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*.

Anyone who tries to work it out can see that tens of thousands of things which in Nature are common, familiar, inevitable, and secret, cannot be expressed in permanent marble shape, and the nearer the sculptor gets to them, the nearer he is to that which disgusts. Rodin sometimes tried to get as close as he dare, and so do others of the decadent schools of literature and art. But he has not the courage of his convictions, and he has not yet literally carved any really bestial act or sight. Being a man, like Cellini, of brilliant literary power, he professes to be absolutely free of all conventions. But he is not free. He does not go far enough to practise his own theories. Feeling—and very wisely

feeling—how lifeless a study is the model, rigidly posed upon a stand, he causes both male and female models to move about his studio in spontaneous action, so that he can observe them in continual movement. That is very well, and is the source of the vitality of so many of his studies. But it is not enough. If he could get his nude models to run, leap, wrestle in sunlight on an open sward, to play tennis, football, hockey, and a tug-of-war, as the Greeks did in the arena, M. Rodin would have incredible opportunities for study, and would be true to his own maxims. But unfortunately, modern conventions make all this practically impossible, and they blind Rodin as much as anyone.

If M. Rodin had less imagination, not such a flow of literary and poetic originality, he would be a greater sculptor. He would restrain his exuberant fancy within the inevitable limits of his own special art. He insists that what he can imagine, or dream, or recall in memory, he can carve in stone. He will not obey the maxim—*segnius irritant animos demissa per aures*—things we can bear to read of in words cannot be borne face to face fixed in cold and solid stone. Milton can create a Satan; Shakespeare a Caliban; Shelley a Prometheus—but Satan, Caliban, or Prometheus would be grotesque in marble. Rodin seems to live in a dreamland, and not always the sane dreamland, for his dreams are often nightmares, and ghoulish abominations. But since dreams are vague, shadowy, evanescent, they can only be put into plastic form by being blurred, half-shown, sketched in the rough, as if just begun. The objective, tangible definiteness of statuary makes any attempt to carve a dream a foolish paradox. You might as well try to keep a verse of poetry ringing in your ears for hours together. Dreams and marble statues

are incommensurable—not *in pari materia*. You might as well try to put a sonata of Beethoven in a glass case for exhibition, or carve one of Turner's sunsets in stone.

And then the portraits—diabolically clever, but rank caricatures. M. Rodin's way to make the portrait of a famous man is to twist his features up into a look which seems to suggest the character he attributes to his sitter. He knows perfectly well that the unlucky victim of his joke never did, or could, look like that. But it symbolizes the inner nature of the man; or, like a nickname, it suggests the trait of character that is imputed to him. That is pure caricature; it is what Sir Francis Gould does with us, and what Caran d'Ache did in France. Having got the clay bust into a general resemblance of the features, the cheeks are pinched up and puffed out as if after a prize-fight, and gobbets are stuck on to the forehead and nose to represent scars, seams, wrinkles, and varicose veins. The sitter may have some such marks in his face, but these the sculptor magnifies to double or treble. They "give character"—and are caricature. Where clothes are shown they have to be carved as if they were sackcloth daubed with tar. Naturally, Puvis de Chavannes did not like his bust; and the Balzac Committee repudiated the Guy-Fawkes mannikin which was offered to them. One hopes that Dalou, Falguière, and Laurens took it meekly.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

When Rodin began on a sitter, he likened him to some animal, and impressed on him that type. Falguière was "a little bull with an eruptive character, a grumbling moustache, and a visage seamed with furrows." So his bust appears in the photograph; but the illustrious sculptor looks like a boxer. Rodin seems to associate intellect with pugilism. His famous *Penseur* is the gladiator of the Municipal Museum of Rome; and the *Victor Hugo* is a sort of Hercules preparing to overthrow Antaeus. All this is excellent caricature, but it is not high truth.

Morbid exaggeration is the unerring mark of decadence, just as the Pergamian or Rhodian schools of Hellenistic art exaggerated the athletic type of Lysippus. The example of this is the *Farnese Hercules* at Naples, which is now recognized as false art, in spite of its anatomical science. And Rodin pushes the decadence of the Hellenistic sculpture till it becomes grotesque.

Augustin Rodin is a man of rare genius, of original imagination, a poet, an orator, a critic—a great sculptor. He has done some grand, some beautiful things, many stimulating things. But with all his audacity and his powers, he has a morbid love for that which is either repulsive or impossible. And he must exert a fatal influence on those who are carried away by his genius and seek to imitate his brilliant gifts.

Frederic Harrison.

## THE RE-UNIFICATION OF ITALY.

During the course of the last four months, the attention of the world in general has been largely, and somewhat unexpectedly, centred upon Italy. That this attention has not been altogether of a benevolent nature on the part of a section of the English pub-

lic, and that certain organs of the English Press have shown little discrimination in their readiness to give publicity to unfounded charges against the honor and humanity of a nation which had every right to expect more generous and more loyal treatment from

Englishmen, is not a matter which need be dwelt upon at any length in these pages. These charges have now been fully and authoritatively disproved. The only thing left to deplore is that they should ever have found an echo in English journals, or have been accepted as possible by any portion of the English public. That this should have been the case may be forgiven by Italians; but it will certainly not be forgotten. To say that public attention has of late been centred upon Italy, however, is by no means to say that it has been centred upon the Italians. Now, English sentiment towards Italy has always been supposed to be one of traditional and, indeed, of hereditary friendship; and I fear that I am giving myself but a thankless task in seeking to show that this friendship has been based on the unstable foundations of a misconception. Nevertheless, a very long, and, as my Italian friends are good enough to tell me, intimate study of modern Italian life has convinced me that, although Italy has been made the object of a sentimental and æsthetic regard on the part of my compatriots for many generations, they have made no effort to include the Italians in their affections. And in this conclusion, I may add, I find myself supported by all Italians who are in a competent position to gauge the true value of the traditional friendship existing between the two countries.

There is no nation in Europe, excepting, perhaps, the German, which occupies itself so largely and so continuously with Italian matters as our own: and yet at the same time there is no nation which so systematically and so obstinately declines to recognize the fact that Italy was made for the Italians, and not for foreigners. The yearly output of English books dealing with what are, after all, Italian possessions—things artistic, literary, architectural, topographical, social, and what

not—is, as we all know, enormous; while the yearly output of English people who spend a few weeks or months in the chief cities of Italy probably exceeds that of any other nation. It might reasonably be supposed that this immense interest displayed by English admirers of Italy would have contributed to a real and intimate understanding between the two peoples; or, at any rate, to a genuine acquaintanceship on the part of our compatriots with Italians—since these last have comparatively little opportunity of studying the English in England. I am not in the least afraid of being contradicted by any possible Italian reader of these pages when I affirm that not only does it contribute to nothing of the kind, but that, on the whole, it produces a very reverse effect. We may, I think, leave aside the impression of English friendship produced on the Italians by English visitors to Italy, since with by far the greater number of these travellers in their country Italians are not brought into anything but the most superficial contact. The Italians, therefore, have to judge of this friendship by what they read in English books, or see quoted from English newspapers and reviews. Now, these English works on Italy, it is perfectly true, are very often admirable of their kind. They overflow with knowledge—artistic, historical, political, and also topographical. They are works which, in many cases, cultivated Italians study both with pleasure and with profit, and which they frankly confess to be superior in technical value to the majority of books published in Italy dealing with similar subjects. This being so, it may well be asked why these works should almost invariably have an irritating rather than an agreeable effect upon Italian susceptibilities. To such a question I can only give the answer that very many Italians have given me; and I must confess that I

have lived long enough among them thoroughly to realize the justice of that answer.

These books, my Italian friends say, are very admirable in so far as they deal with our external attributes, our history, our art, our climate and scenery, our monuments, and our past: but, in so far as they deal with ourselves, which is for the most part very little, they are very often insults. There is a subdominant note of patronage audible whenever your English writers condescend to speak of other things than those we have mentioned—and we are a little weary of being told about our past. And if your writers speak of our present, it is as likely as not in order to rebuke us for being unworthy of our heritage, to discourse of and to us as though we were children; or, at the best, as though we were an unstable, excitable, and unreliable people. They ignore, or deny to us altogether, those qualities which we know ourselves to possess as a nation, and which we are convinced will not fail us in the hour of need.

I believe, as I have said before, this answer to be both just and logical. The truth is that, to the Italian of the present day, English friendship represents merely an æsthetic sentiment for the Italy of the past, for such present external attributes as climate and scenery, and for survivals of mediæval popular customs which are none the less pernicious to social progress because they happen to be picturesque. The modern Italian has little use for such a friendship. He is not sentimental, and sentimentality does not appeal to him. While fully recognizing the profound knowledge of the Italy of yesterday that a large number of English admirers of his country possess, he resents the equally profound ignorance they exhibit concerning the Italy of to-day; the disdainful lack of appreciation, and the strange misconceptions

of his national character which these admirers are so apt to display not only in their writings, but in their general attitude. He very naturally dislikes to be lectured on his moral, social, and artistic shortcomings, by those of a different blood and race from his own, who are completely unable to realize that the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon mind do not always see things from the same point of view. Above all, and more especially, I fear, of recent weeks, he weighs English friendship in the balance as an asset, and finds it wanting—not in æsthetic sentimentality for Italy, but in human sympathy with and understanding of Italians.

That this lack of sympathy and understanding should have been so markedly displayed at the commencement of the struggle in which the Italians are now engaged, is, as I think, especially to be deplored; and this for no reasons having any connection with sentiment. That English attention has not been in reality centred upon the Italians during the last four months, but merely upon an Italy which belongs largely to the past, is conclusively proved by the fact that scarcely any allusion is made by the English Press, or by individuals whose criticisms of the policy of Italy have certainly not been subdued in their tone, to the remarkable transformation which the Italian people is undergoing at the present moment—or, as it would be more accurate to say, has already undergone.

I am convinced, however, that had the majority of my compatriots possessed the slightest idea as to the deep significance of the "psychological moment" which the Italian nation is now experiencing, or any suspicion that such a moment were imminent, their criticisms would have been of a different nature. A real understanding of the character of the people which

we English, with a few exceptions, have for long accustomed ourselves to regard as merely an interesting and picturesque race, would have revealed the superficial quality of those criticisms even before they were made. Such an understanding would have prevented, too, that outburst of hysterical British sentimentalism, cleverly excited by unscrupulous agents, which, in utter ignorance of the real condition of affairs, selected a more than usually inopportune moment for its vaporings.

Unfortunately, to the mass of the British people, for the ignorant must ever be in the majority, Italians are synonymous with ice-cream vendors, barrel-organs, monkeys, and waiters. Concerning these last, lest I should be supposed to be casting a slur on brave men, I hasten to add that hundreds of Italian waiters employed in England and other foreign countries have voluntarily offered to give up their posts in order to rejoin their army, and that many are actually fighting for their country in Tripoli. But this detail is only one among many to which I shall have presently to allude in connection with the extraordinary national movement actually taking place in Italy.

The Italians of to-morrow are not the Italians of yesterday. They are in process of formation to-day; and the process is one of amazing interest, and fraught, perhaps, with consequences no less surprising. It is not too much to say that, in the short space of the last four months, Italy has passed through a period of re-unification. It may even be said, indeed, that she has achieved what she had not completely attained in the course of the last forty years. No keen observer of the social conditions of modern Italy previous to the outbreak of the war with Turkey could fail to detect in those conditions the almost complete absence of the most important factor in true national life—that of public opinion. I

do not mean to imply that public opinion was non-existent, for this would be an exaggeration. It existed, but in a dormant state—or rather, in a state which was something more than semi-suppressed, for want of any national call to cause it to assert itself. The organs of the Press, perhaps, were scarcely conscious of the presence of this immense inert body only needing an inspiration to cause it to spring into action and make its power felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Political questions were too varied, or of too transitory a character to stir it otherwise than superficially, and the rise and fall of political parties left it more or less indifferent. The Socialists, it is true, took advantage of its inertia to propagate their doctrines. I have a very healthy detestation of Socialism, and especially of English Socialism, but I should not be faithful to my subject were I not to express my belief that Italian Socialism, which is rather constructive than destructive, has played a not inconsiderable part in laying foundations for that public opinion in Italy which has recently burst into life with such magnificent and irresistible force. I have very little doubt that it will prove to have been a case of Frankenstein and his monster, so far as Italian Socialism is concerned—but even Frankensteins ought to be given their just due. At the first Unification of Italy—for I firmly believe that the Italians of to-morrow will look back upon the period through which their country is now passing as their second, and even more glorious Unification—the diversity of customs and language, and of traditions, was too great to permit of the formation of any genuine and consolidated force of public opinion; while religion still occupied a place in politics from which the good sense of the Italians has deposed it. Italy, indeed, was made; but it yet remained, as Massimo

d'Azeglio foresaw, to make Italians. They have been made to-day. From the Alps to the far Sicilian shores; from across the oceans; from all the countries of the two worlds, Italians have responded to the call of their country. Even the Church, once the bitter enemy to Italian unity, has blessed the new sons of Italy in their struggle with their country's foes. Italians at heart, her priests are sharing the dangers of the battle-fields, risking their lives, and worse than their lives, at the hands of fanatic and treacherous adversaries in order nobly to perform their duty in ministering to the wounded and the dying. This fact is in itself of supreme importance, for it finally disposes of the erroneous impression that the modern Italian clergy are hostile to the Italian State. The action of Pope Plus X. in disallowing any attempt to regard the present war as a struggle between the Cross and the Crescent was an action at once just, from the standpoint of a neutral though spiritual Sovereign, and wise in view of the state of international politics. From every rank of life, from palaces and from the humblest peasant dwellings, the new sons of Italy have cheerfully placed their lives and their services at the disposal of their country, very many of them not having been legally called upon to do so. And yet the Italians are not a military nation: by which I merely mean to say that they are not imbued with that spirit of militarism which is the curse of their near neighbors—and of the world. The war with Abyssinia failed to arouse any spark of real enthusiasm in the country, or any real patriotic feeling. Public opinion grumbled sleepily, but it took no genuine action. Its time had not yet come. Behind the Italian army and navy there to-day stands the Italian people, calm, confident, assured of the justice of its cause, a nation truly united as it has never

been before. There is no "mafficking" in Italy. Her sons who are not fighting for their country are not disgracing it. Those of them who have not been called upon to rejoin the colors are worthily maintaining the national dignity at home, giving freely, and often out of scanty means, in order that Italy may carry civilization and humane government to a barbarous land in which the curse of slave-traffic still exists.

It is perhaps because there is no "mafficking" in Italy that the Milan correspondent of a great London daily paper attempts to prove that there is no public feeling in Italy regarding the war, unless it be a despondent and adverse one. I have his article before me as I write. It betrays in every line of it the profound ignorance of Italians which obtains, even among Englishmen otherwise well informed about Italy. It is not by "mafficking" that a sensible and self-respecting people declares its sentiments in time of war. I have looked in vain for any thoughtful or just appreciation of the remarkable upheaval of Italian public opinion, which has practically transformed Italy into a new nation, in the English Press. If it is alluded to at all, it is with a sneer, as an article manufactured by the Government and the Ministerial Press. I find no mention of the amazing series of letters written by soldiers of all grades—some of them peasants—from the seat of war to their families in Italy. These letters are constantly being published in the Italian journals, and they are documents of more than usual human interest. That they are spurious, or manufactured to order, I am prepared emphatically to deny, for it so happens that in certain cases I am in a position to be able to prove to the contrary. There is not the remotest hint in any one of these letters as to acts of cruelty, of bloodthirstiness, or of any conduct

dishonorable to a soldier. How should the writers have mentioned things which had had no existence save in the imagination of foreign journalists who were many miles away from Tripoli during the suppression of the Arab revolt? But, as I have said before, it is not my intention to dilate upon this matter. I have already upheld the humanity of the Italian soldiers to the best of my ability elsewhere.

I notice, as I have said, very little allusion in the English Press to this second Unification of Italy which, created by an irresistible and overwhelming flood of public opinion, has astounded even Italians themselves. The fact would seem to me to indicate either a surprising lack of perception on the part of English journalism, or a strange indifference to the consequences this transformation may bring in its train. That this movement is merely a temporary outburst of popular enthusiasm, destined to die away so soon as peace is proclaimed, no one who has followed it, and studied its far-reaching effects in the country towns and villages of Italy, will for a moment believe. To use a vulgarism—it has come to stay. Apparently it has come with suddenness; and this might lead superficial observers to suppose it to be ephemeral. This transformation, this national leap towards a second and final re-unification, has, as I believe, been steadily growing for many years. It has existed beneath the surface, gradually but surely pushing its way upward, and waiting only its opportunity to spring into life. It is impossible that a people which had achieved so much in the course of half a century should not possess a latent reserve of virile energy. It is, of course, natural that the sudden and energetic action of a race which the English public had hitherto regarded with benevolence as existing for no other purpose than to minister to the

aesthetic pleasures of foreigners, should have come as a shock of surprise. The Italians were tacitly assumed to be a happy-go-lucky people, incapable of much else than composing operas and pulling down classical buildings. That a few individual Italians should be prominent in science, or in any other useful and practical subjects, is still regarded in England as an accident, and as rather a strange accident. It has never seemed to strike English critics that not only are such individuals of far more service to the needs of a young and progressing nation than any of the great artists of the *cinquecento* could be, but that their very existence denotes the facile adaptation of Italian intellect to the exigencies of the present age. As to believing that Italians could be capable of successful organization in any form, this has been, hitherto, an impossibility to the great majority of their English judges. The Italian army, because it had met with disaster fifteen years ago in Abyssinia, must be bad and inefficient; the Italian navy, a navy existing largely on paper, and of no use in warfare. The Italian monarchy must be in momentary danger of collapse.

Only the other day I read in the columns of the *Morning Post* a letter from a correspondent stating that it was no secret that had the Italian Government not made war on Turkey, the Monarchy would have shared the same fate as that of Portugal. Such assertions would be comic, were they not a proof of the utter ignorance of English people regarding Italian popular feeling. Then again, always according to English suppositions, Italian finance must be in a deplorable state, and all Italians, of course, miserably poor. In the district in which I reside the peasants are anything but poor. I know of some who have considerable sums to their credit in the banks. Financial conditions, of course, vary in different

parts of Italy; but the truth is that there is far more money among the peasant classes than is usually supposed to be the case, and this is largely due to the Credit Banks and other economic institutions which have spread so remarkably throughout the country in quite recent years. As to the indifference of popular feeling towards the war, which certain English journals have insisted upon, a sum considerably exceeding two million francs has been already subscribed by all classes of the community in aid of the families of the wounded and the dead, and money is still flowing in. But all this is by the way. The awakening on the part of Italy's English friends to the fact that Italians counted for something in Italy came when the ultimatum to Turkey was delivered. It was a rude awakening, and I can well imagine that the sentimental friends of Italy and the despisers of Italians were excessively annoyed. For want of a better explanation of Italian audacity in behaving in so unexpected a manner, Italy's action was termed an act of aggression, of brigandage, and of other graceful proceedings of the kind. I am not going to enter into this question, since it has been admirably dealt with, and the superficiality of English criticism on Italian action completely exposed in an article over the signature of "Tobruk," published in the November number of this Review. I am merely concerned in pointing out the fact that, had the English public considered it to be worth its while to cultivate a practical acquaintance with the Italians, rather than an æsthetic and sentimental friendship for an Italy belonging to the past, much trouble might have been avoided, and much bad blood prevented. It is useless, however, to cry over spilt milk. The mischief is done, and the only thing that now remains to do is to endeavor to repair it.

Whether we English like it, or not, we are confronted by a very remarkable, I will not say change, but development in the spirit of a nation with which we have always been on terms of friendliness, at least officially. That nation has now afforded us indisputable proof that she is not the *quantité négligeable* which a great many of us who had not taken the trouble to make acquaintance with her people had imagined her to be. She has presented us with the spectacle, unique, I think, in modern times, of a people absolutely unanimous in its determination to consolidate its public opinion irrespective of party politics. We have seen the political parties of this nation—republicans, socialists, and clericals—all sink their respective differences in order to rally round the Monarchy and their common country. We have to realize that the spoilt child of Europe, at whose birth we like to think we played the useful part of midwife, has suddenly developed into a strong man. We have no longer to think only of Italy; we have to think of the Italians. It is not probable—perhaps it is almost impossible—that the balance of power in Europe will long continue in its present condition; and what the ultimate outcome of the Italo-Turkish War may be, who can yet say? One result, however, it will assuredly have, for Italy will retain the African provinces she has conquered from the Turks, if not as yet from the Arabs, and she will found a second Spezia on the Egyptian border.

Setting aside all considerations of sentiment, are we wise—have we been wise—in deliberately playing into the hands of those who desire nothing better than to see a permanent estrangement between ourselves and a great Mediterranean Power? I have endeavored to keep sentiment as much as possible out of my argument; but, after all, sentiment plays a considerable part

in international politics, even in these prosaic days. That very deplorable impressions have been created among Italians by the readiness of the English public to join in the outcry against their legitimate and unavoidable action in Tripoli, I am in a position personally to know. Austrian and German attacks upon Italian honor, proceeding from Jewish syndicates, have been regarded with comparative indifference; but that England should have joined in these attacks has been a bitter blow. This in itself proves that, notwithstanding the justifiable resentment at the traditional English misconceptions of them as a people, traditional English friendship for Italy still counts for something in their eyes. It seems to me that this last should constitute a basis upon which to found a more complete understanding of the Italian people, and to remove from our midst those misconceptions which have until now made the mutual relations between the two countries rest on little more than a somewhat one-sided senti-

*The National Review.*

mentalism. But to achieve this end there must be no more patronage of the spoilt child—but full recognition of the right of the grown man to act as seems best to him in matters concerning his own house. It is surely much to be hoped, for all reasons, political as well as sentimental, that our future relations with Italy will not suffer from the severe strain to which they have been recently exposed. But if this is to be the case, it will be necessary for my compatriots to cease from perpetually proclaiming their love for Italy while at the same time misjudging and underrating the Italians. A friendship of so doubtful a quality leaves nothing but resentment in the Italian mind. And, above all, it would be well both for friendship and interest's sake that Englishmen should not ignore or misapprehend the true significance of this re-unification of Italy which is taking place under their eyes; but that they should study it with sympathy, and take its moral lessons to heart.

*Richard Bagot.*

## FORTUNA CHANCE.

BY JAMES PRIOR.

### CHAPTER II.

#### MAINLY EDUCATIONAL.

On a Sunday morning of their third summer at the Nook, Press came home from church with a manner of shutting the parlor door and ungloving herself, that showed something more than devotional excitement.

"I've been to Annesley church this morning, ma'am," she said.

"'Tis so fine a morning for a walk," answered Fortuna, "that any sort of sermon could hardly spoil it."

"I thought, ma'am, you'd be asking me who was there."

"I think, Press, you'll be telling me without so much trouble to my ma'am-

ship. But sit down, for I perceive that yours is no standing tale."

"Besides the usuals, ma'am, there was Madam Allott and Mistress Ann!"

"Does Aunt Allott still wear her widow's weeds?"

"Yes, ma'am; and she don't look ill in 'em."

"And Aunt Nan is not married?"

"No, ma'am. I reckon she's sorry now she broke with the captain."

"You would have had her marry him that she might have broke with him the more completely? In truth 'tis a sad incomplete thing as it stands."

"I sat next Mistress Ann's new maid, as it happened; a green young thing

that smelt violent strong of the dairy, and was glad of the chance to show off her ignorance. She told me behind her prayer-book as Mistress Ann is living with Madam Alllott at Nether-ton. She has the Daphne chamber that was Madam Alllott's. The old cartoon hangings have been took down, and it has been new-hung very handsome with blue damask. They're only stopping a few days here on their way south."

"Now tell me how Master Pat and particularly how little Master Billy were looking."

The latter, Mistress Chaworth's second and youngest child, was born the same year as Roland, and Fortuna had taken pleasure from the first in hearing, through Press of course, concerning the child's progress; how he took his teething, when he was breeched, with what diligence he advanced from pot-hooks to join-hand.

Fortuna's aunts never visited Annesley again. Next year the little boys lost their father, and that profuse hospitality which had encumbered his estates was exchanged for a severe economy. A few years later, when Roland was ten years old, the elder of the brothers also died. Fortuna sympathetically saw her kinswoman reduced to the sole care of a son of the same age as her own. Had opportunity offered she would have ventured to tender her condolence, but opportunity never offered. The bereaved mother shut herself up with her son and her sorrow, saw no company, not even her nearest relations, and never went beyond the limits of her park. Fortuna did however speak to the boy the next time that he rode by, black-suited, with his groom. She took the child's fancy with her smile and sweet voice and a little gift she made him. After that whenever during his boyhood he passed her way, he stopped for a few words over the fence, rarely entered

the house to talk to the parrot or to eat a dish of baked pears or cranberries and clotted cream. He often talked to his mother of the beautiful lady who lived in the little house with a boy just as big as himself, and she did not seem unwilling to catch at second-hand a glimpse of pleasure and the world. He would have made friends too with Roland, who however held back from intimacy.

Another neighbor died about the same time as young Patrick Chaworth, Lord Byron of Newstead, when we may be sure that Press enlarged to her mistress on the dismal funeral pomp, the lying in state of the corpse, the midnight burial and her ladyship's company-seeing in a room hung with black.

"'Tis something strange that we are all widows here," said Fortuna; "Widow Chaworth, Widow Byron and Widow Surety. But I have escaped the consolation of black bombazine. How should I look in't?"

"Don't talk on't, ma'am," said Press, "'tis vile unlucky."

"Fie! 'twould be a monstrous pity to spoil my luck, so for the future we'll talk no nearer to black than gray. That however is a dull neitherish thing which I don't much taste. After all we'll stick to the colors that go with my complexion whether they match my state or no.

As a residence Newstead Abbey was hardly livelier than Annesley Hall. Lady Byron, whose two sons were away serving in the navy, disliked it and after her husband's death seldom visited it.

"There's not one of us widows," said Fortuna, "who makes any sort of mark in the landscape."

Living in that rural seclusion she should have found the two hundred pounds a year left her by her mother sufficient for her needs, but she herself was careless in expenditure, and Press,

though by no means lax, had high notions of the style in which her mistress and especially her mistress's maid ought to live. There were fortunately no means in such a place of getting largely into debt, but they had regularly a score of lenten days at the end of each quarter, during which their chief subsistence was from their stores of wheaten and barley meal, together with the fish which Roland caught in the Leen, Erewash and Maun, or the rabbits which he trapped on the hill-side. The latter form of sport at least was undoubtedly illicit, but Jacob Caley winked at it, and under his influence the deputy purlieu ranger did the same, only taking care to warn the boy when any of the higher officers of the chase were likely to be in the neighborhood.

Fortuna had given powers of attorney to Mr. Abel Smith the well-known Nottingham banker, who collected her income and regularly transmitted it to her on the first day of the month succeeding quarter-day; or if that happened to be a Sunday on the preceding day. The plain square-built person of the clerk who brought it, his pock-marked face, his jazey or woollen wig, his jack-boots, his snuff-colored coat of drugget, his sturdy nag, his ostentatious horse-pistols were all objects of the greatest interest to Roland, who would not have missed the meeting for the certainty of seeing Jacob shoot down a hart of ten. Master Trivett's appearance, fortified by a one-eyed squint, was as unnecessarily ferocious as his conversation, which was mainly of highwaymen; but to Roland they were each as a glimpse through a practicable peephole into the great world, otherwise unknown to him.

Master Trivett not only brought; on his visit next after Lady-day he always carried back with him to bank seven out of Press's yearly wage of eight pounds. It gradually came to

be understood that he was courting the waiting-woman or her banking account. He never spoke directly, but he kept his better eye in general attendance upon her, and he usually came bearing a gift which it was his first business to put into her hand; something indeed of little value, unless a large price were put upon the loving intention which went with it, an ounce of snuff, a paper of sugar-plums, a bundle of the latest issues of the *Nottingham Weekly Courant*, ribbon for her cap, lace for her stomacher or buckle for her shoe. She gave him no encouragement beyond that of ready acceptance and curt thanks, but she always spoke of his presents, his person and his talk with a contemptuous forbearance approaching the wife-like. It is noticeable moreover that she speedily got a habit of allowing or rather ordering him at each visit to smoke just one after-dinner pipe of tobacco in the kitchen chimney; for which he was expected to find the tobacco, but she kept a long clay pipe for his use from quarter-day to quarter-day.

Through him alone did Roland come into actual touch with the great outside world, though on a rare sometimes he met an adventurous traveller on the Nottingham and Mansfield road, or threading the intricacies of the forest with an armed escort and a guide from the guide-house by Red Hill; but them he rather avoided. Neither was the pageantry of the chase more for him than a distant spectacle. He stood aside and looked on. He got excited over the vicissitudes of the hunt, but at bottom he liked the forest better when that brilliant mob of dukes, lords and gentlemen, belaced and bewigged, had parted and ridden their several ways. He made no friends and few acquaintances in the neighboring villages; save that through Jacob he became familiar with the deputy purlieu ranger, the Newstead, Blidworth and

Mansfield keepers, and with Weems, the woodward of Sutton, a famous boxer and toper. He also kept up a dry sort of fellowship with the fore-mentioned charcoal-burners, father and two sons, who generally plied their craft in the neighborhood of Newstead. His real intimacy was with wood and waste and their numerous population of both winged and groundling, with tree and herb, with the changes in the sky and the waft of the wind; and his boyish ambition was to be a forest keeper.

His day intimacy I should have said. Naturally enough when he was with his outdoor companions his speech and manners partook of their rusticity, though he could on occasion behave with a quite gentlemanly arrogance; but when he passed from moor and forest through his garden gate he was in another country, spoke another language, was subject to other laws and restraints. His evenings he always spent with his mother. She had never mentioned her fear of being alone in the dark of the night, but he would seem to have known it without telling or to have acted on it without knowing. There was in truth a rare affection, and rarer than that a real sympathy between the two, though after the kissing-time of his childhood was passed they made little wordy expression of their feelings; he out of a natural reserve, she perhaps less naturally and through a complicity of causes, whose only outward show was in a peculiar gay elusiveness of speech.

They played cribbage together and backgammon, or making the unwilling Press drop her needlework and bringing her in they played at ombre. Then he sang to his mother's harp in a rough manly baritone the "Leather Bottel," the "Hunt is up," "Down among the Dead Men" and "Vernon's Fox-chase"; or oftener and more to his liking merely listened while she sang "Barbara Al-

len," "Phyllida flouts me," "Come, Lasses and Lads," or that old ballad of "the Derby hills that are so free," in a light airy style which seemed to buzz away from any expression of deep feeling. Much of the evening was passed in conversation, to which Fortuna was by far the larger contributor, and to which as her son grew older she gave a larger scope. While avoiding anything that would fix her identity or reveal her history she freely and graphically described persons and places which she had seen, events of which she had been spectator at first or a near second-hand.

Thus Roland learned something, not altogether to his admiration, of the appearance, manners and morals of the regnant and the late kings and queens; knew more than the names of the rulers of fashion, literature and politics; had in imagination frequented ball, crowded assembly and masquerade in the dissipated capital, had gone to the play and then up-river to Vauxhall; had by the same easy conveyance visited Tunbridge Wells, Bath and Buxton; had seen men play high, drink deep, love laxly and selfishly, quarrel suddenly and bloodily. He could fancy he had heard Mr. Pope exchange fulsome compliment for covered sarcasm with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, had stood by and let Captain Nicholls do fashionable murder upon Mr. Hancock, had seen Booth as Cato and Mrs. Oldfield as Lady Betty Modish, had heard Cuzzoni sing, had taken part in a street-row between Jacks and Mugs and sat a pale spectator at Christopher Layer's trial.

Such partial information would be likely to exaggerate to him the differences between the fashionable world and that of which he had experience. An equal acquaintance with both would have taught him that such differences did not go so far as skin-deep, being a mere diversity in coloring, as for in-

stance between a martial red and a clerical black and white.

Large doubtless was the influence of the familiar society and everyday conversation of a woman like Fortuna, easy-tempered, sprightly, acute, and who though tied at birth to narrow dogmas and formulas and by no means learned might yet claim to be one of the first of that new thing in the modern world, an emancipated woman. But after all the concentrated affection between mother and son was the chief civilizer of that ranger of the fields. It was as though they had each of them bestowed on the other their whole sum of love. They delighted in each other's company, he so serious and sparing of speech, she so gaily frivolous, that Press declared they looked when together more like brother and sister than child and parent.

His schooling, as we have said, had gone no further than elementary reading, writing and ciphering acquired at his mother's side; but even therein he had the advantage over many an opulent young squire of his day, and indeed over many a beau and wit who made a considerable figure in high life. Fortuna's chief discontent was that she found no means to procure him lessons in fencing. That he could shoot well enough with Caleb's fowling-piece did not in her eyes make up for it.

Thus he lived a sort of double life or at least looked on at the pageant of two lives, the one natural, serious and viewed by day with his own unsophisticated eyes; the other the gay world of perverted fashions seen in an artificial light through the medium of a dainty worldling. Such a rearing necessarily resulted in a certain confusion not merely of language, dress and manners, but also of opinions, pretensions, aspirations. Moreover he could not but grow up to perceive the ambiguity of his mother's position, which she was too negligent to conceal and perhaps

too proud to explain. She claimed to be a wife and did not produce her husband, to be a high-born lady and lived in a rude solitude, unvisited and unfriended; claims not made in so many words but in unstudied pretensions so much stronger than words. It was the talk of the place that she dined an hour later than my Lady Byron, that in the fashion of her headgear she was three years ahead of ambitious Miss Biddy Eustick the rector's daughter, that she drank her Pekoe out of china, used a silver fork, had a clean napkin to every meal, and walked on carpets when many a squreling of the neighborhood had no better than rushes or bare boards, with many a similar piddling detail. In short she was a puzzle to that rustic neighborhood, and the duller, the more ignorant a person is the more he resents being puzzled. It was however certainly known that she was a Papist, and therefore an enemy of the church as by law established and of the Hanoverian succession.

There was of course much talk about her, seldom kindly, and out of so many words some could not but drop in her son's hearing, words which obscurely disquieted or offended him. Yet it says something for those common folk's self-restraint and natural courtesy, that Roland had turned seventeen before anything was said in his presence so openly disparaging his mother as to call for answer or action on his part; and when it did happen his own rashness was partly to blame. It was the tenth of June, and he ventured to appear in Kirkby village wearing a white rose in honor of the Pretender's birthday. Abel Marrot, a broad-shouldered laborer and reputedly a deer-stealer and poacher, two years his senior, snatched the factious decoration from his hat, put it in his capacious mouth, chewed it quickly to a pulp with his great teeth, then spat it forth in the dust at Roland's feet, bidding

him pick it up and wear it again if he would. He added thereto speech as to the boy's parentage in the highest degree offensive. There was a blow and the return of a blow, followed by a set fight with no more delay than in stepping off the road and round to the back of the church. There on that conspicuous hill Roland fought as long as he could stand by himself, then had to be helped home by two of the bystanders, good-natured positive Philip Hardy and Timothy Pye, who always said yes to Philip's yea. By the way these two condoled with him.

Said Phil, "Yo've blackened his two brazen blackguard eyes a proper black."

"And two's all 'e hes," said Tim.

"But black eyes 'ud be noat to a lad wi' his shou'lders, not if they was twenty-two."

"Not hafe a flea-bite," said Tim.

"Lesser uns moot 'umble theirsens to swaller a bit o' sauce from big uns wi'out pullin' faces."

"It's noat if yer bolt it down straight off," said Tim.

"Larn what yer faightin' weight is, then yer know welly nigh all a man needs to know."

"Mine," said Tim, "is twenty stun afore dinner an' a few hodd pounds more after."

"If yer strength is small, pray God send yer a good pennorth o' coward-ice."

"A good Christian prayer," said Tim; "a man needn't want no better."

And so forth; but this shuttlecock sort of colloquy—one shuttlecock to two battledores—did not salve the least of Roland's smarts, and as I have no proof either that he was any the wiser for it in his future conduct I beg to excuse myself from recording more of it.

Fortuna questioned him about his injuries to eye, nose and mouth, but he put her off with a half-explanation.

Press, not satisfied, got the truth of it out of the butcher and was fiercely indignant.

"I wish I'd been there," she exclaimed. "I'd have wrote with my ten finger-nails on that great big foul-mouthed rascal's chaps."

She took a fierce pinch from her iron snuff-box and snapped the lid to again. The butcher looked on her with undisguised admiration.

"By George, mistress," said he, "but yo've a man and a hafe's spunk unner your ribs."

"I should be lacking," answered she disdainfully, "if I hadn't room there for a sight more than that."

She had to bottle it up for two days however before she found opportunity to speak to Roland alone, after Fortuna had retired for the night. She shut the door but stood thereby.

"You've fought in a righteous cause, Master Roland," she said, "and heaven above will see as you don't lose by't."

"I shan't," said he; "I've gotten a sprained thumb by't."

He rose from his chair; he evidently disliked her broaching the subject. He went towards the door but Press did not give him way.

"For that, Master Roland, you'll be given forty fold."

"Forty sprained thumbs? Where should I bestow 'em?"

His sorry jesting betokened his uneasiness; yet Press not giving way he would not ask for it, but retired to the other side of the room and peeped between curtain and window jamb at the night without, a blank black prospect.

"It can't be gainsaid he was a mighty killing young spark," said she.

"Who?" said Roland quickly, while yet her speech was a mere sound in his ears.

The words had flown forth, and regret it as he might he could not recall

them. He could only come away from the window, take up Fortuna's still open book and affect to be suddenly interested, standing, in the midst of Mr. Shenstone's *Pastoral Ballad*. Press had of course immediately answered, "Your father"; but though he could not make his ears deaf he could put on a deaf look.

"You're wonderful like him, Master Roland."

Roland frowned upon that.

"Especially when you're put out, like as now."

He tried to clear his frown that he might look less like his father; but only frowned the more and was the more like. Seeming to guess as much he turned over a dozen leaves at once, and hid his father-resembling face as well as he could behind the insufficient duodecimo.

"Though he didn't belong a first-quality family he was hisself one of the smartest of the smart."

"Like me again, I suppose?" said Roland with a sudden new bitterness, and flung the vain book down on the table.

"Ay, I' faith, if all had their rights."

Roland thought he heard Fortuna's footstep on the floor above.

"Hush!" said he. "My mother will hear."

Press at once took that as establishing an understanding between them. She came so far forward that she could rest her hands upon the table. But what took weight from her feet seemed to add it to her utterance.

"It's no use trying to deceive you, Master Roland; he's a lawyer. But at any rate he's one of them tip-top sort called bannisters. It's not like Miss Jekyl who disposed of herself to a paltry pettifogging attorney, to say nothing of Miss Lacy marrying that scrub of a curate; which everybody did say was an extreme dirty way of doing the business."

He would have repressed the next

question if he had not been sure of the answer.

"He's not dead then?"

Mistress Press held up her hands from the table and exclaimed:

"Marry come up, Master Roland! Dead? Not likely. He is but forty-four." And Mistress Press was fully conscious of her own forty-five. "Seeing as Mr. George's sword missed a little of doing it for him."

"What are you talking about?" he said, in the tone rather of a check than an inquiry.

"Madam's family, d'ye see, being Catholics and Tories and topping people, him being a Protestant and a Whig and a nobody wasn't big enough for her; for with all his good looks and fine manners he hadn't hardly a scrap of fortune in this world but his law books. So there was a pretty breeze between him and Mr. George, madam's brother, and a duel in which both of 'em got the worst on't. Whether 'twas the blood-letting chilled his liver or the to-do frightened his lawyership I don't know, but we've never seen nor heard from him from that day to this."

That was the sum of what she told him, and was perhaps well-nigh all she had to tell. She had not spoken of the marriage and he had not asked about it. He never of course mentioned the matter to his mother, and he was fully conscious thenceforth, as she had ever been, of something between them which had to be ignored. It was a mere film of concealment, no thick opaque skin to sever or dull their sympathy; which indeed on his side was rather quickened by the new sentiment of pity. Yet it could not but to some extent mar the natural joyousness of their intercourse; he felt the irksomeness of it, the wrongness of it, and it contributed to a growing resentment against his father. He thought of all the years during which he had been but a clinging baby-weight to her

unassisted strength; and now that he had almost reached the stature of a man he put, it was much to be feared, only the heavier burden upon her; even if the rabbit or two a week were counted as a set-off. That is to say, now and again he thought, felt, resented; in general he was as well content, or almost, as before with the open fields, the woods and the weather, with the evenings by the fireside, the game of cribbage, his mother's lively talk; and he took a daily pride in his increasing bulk and strength, looking forward to the time when he could encounter Abel Marrott upon even terms. Thus his dissatisfaction was but an obscure unfashioned thing, yet ready to come into shape should his fortunes ever become seriously involved or the object of his resentment be brought nearer to him. Nevertheless one thing was constant amid those indistinct fluctuations; he remained more keenly aware of the anomaly of his position; he felt separated as much from the yokels about him as from the gentlefolk whom he only saw from a distance.

The young squire of Annesley was

no exception. The two young men now only met when they chanced to pass one another on the road, and that with the slightest of acknowledgments. For as William Chaworth grew up his visits to Fortuna had gradually become less frequent. The change may have begun with the adolescent shyness or Roland's persistent coldness, and was perhaps helped by a moral cowardice which shrank from an unpopular acquaintance. It is only fair to say that he never gave his tongue, though he may sometimes have seemed to lend his ears, to calumny against Fortuna. The estrangement was certainly complete soon after Lord Byron came of age, left the navy and went to reside permanently at Newstead. Chaworth was then only seventeen years old, and in spite of the arrogant ungenial disposition already developed in the peer was attracted to him by his title, his kinship, greater age and vastly greater experience. His lordship, accepting his familiarity with a good deal of cousinly condescension, allowed him for a time as much of his intimacy as he gave to anybody.

*(To be continued.)*

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## FAREWELL TO THE LAND.

It is Christmas Eve in London, and, outside the window, traffic grinds through black slush. This morning, as I walked through Kensington Gardens, not a sign of growth was to be seen save for two forlorn little shrubs, judas-trees of a sort, which put out shamefacedly a bespattered frill of white blossom. Yet, six weeks ago, in the garden that I have said good-bye to, daffodil spikes were already shot three inches high, preparing for the spring; and the last flowers I gathered in it were a basketful of roses, sweet-pea, and mignonette—not radiant summer blossoms assuredly, but still beau-

tiful, still fragrant, even in November. And were I there to-day, now in the very deadness of the year, I could find a nosegay out of doors—violets, of course, but also bits of wallflower,—periwinkle too, and certainly the garden primroses, pink, yellow, and crimson, that bloom all through the cold months in that sunny corner. People may talk as they will of Ireland's rainy weather; I know of no place in these islands where December and January give more hours of sun and clear soft air than in the tract of coast which stretches north and south of Dublin from Wicklow to the Boyne. The

plain of Fingal, lying north of the city along the sea, is as good a place to garden in as man could discover; and consequently it is scattered over with old walled-in spaces that have been gardens for many generations, but never more skilfully tended than today. Our neighbors shamed us with their connoisseurship, their choice blooms, their artfully combined effects. Only one distinction was peculiar to our garden, and we deserved no credit for it—the quaint arrangement of an oval wall, into which the house was set, so that the long curves of mellow brick-work enclosing that acre of sunny southward-sloping ground sprang from either hand as you looked out of window.

My mind goes back on it all with a very sharp regret; it can recall the place of every plant, it thinks of the changes made, and to the day of my death I shall be sorry not to have watched the growth of a mulberry and a tulip-tree that I planted in the plot where a huge old monkey-puzzle was bleeding itself to death in a thick flow of resinous sap. But, after all, it was not the garden—not, at least, the flower-garden—that I found it hard to say good-bye to. It was the surroundings; it was the whole way of life. That November day when I took my farewell bouquet with me into Dublin was a day of soft sun, flying clouds, and shining sea; and as the tram carried me citywards, running along the lagoon which separates Dollymount sandhills from the shore, I watched for the thousandth time the graceful shapes and swift movement of the running shorebirds and waders, redshank, oyster-catcher, sea-snipe, and curlew. Their flight, their attitudes, were a perpetual interest along those great expanses of cockle-breeding shore, over which lay in tracts a film of green weed, most beautiful in the evening light—more beautiful even than was

the water itself when it covered all with its pale sheet of blue. Linnets haunted that shore, too, in droves, coming to feed on the red weed; and I have watched bird-trappers at work with their snap-nets in the marshy fields when the poor song-birds came to drink the fresh water after their salt feedings.

Near as we were to a great city, there was a great variety of bird-life: duck of all sorts, especially sheldrake—sometimes a dozen of the great handsome creatures, easy to approach, since the fowlers let them alone; and I have seen geese passing. In the fields about the house, boys could spend long hours stalking curlew and green plover, with a chance now and then of flushing snipe, or even woodcock, out of the ditches in time of frost. All the smaller birds were abundant: black-birds and thrushes so many that I had to beg old herring-nets from friends in Donegal and Galway to save the fruit; and then our life was embittered by finding the creatures tangled in the meshes—screaming and biting when one came to let them go. Bullfinches used to come often, and I have seen both the gold-crested and the fire-crested wren, attracted by a long range of conifers. In the little stream at the bottom of the garden a moorhen built, and more than once I have seen a kingfisher flash by. For some reason the cuckoo never came our way; but corn-crakes we heard too much, and I have had a better look at them there than ever anywhere else—queer, ungainly objects in the open, shamefaced till they could make their way into the grass, diving snake-wise for cover.

Before people took to shooting them, the curlew used to be up constantly through winter on the big lawn, stalking solemnly, and then with equal solemnity driving their great scimitar beaks into the sod. But the loveliest of all bird-visions that I saw there used

to be in summer evenings when half the lawn was deep in hay, and the moths were out over it. For then suddenly the twilight would be filled with white wings a-flutter and a-poise, dipping, swooping, checking, as the little black-head gulls hawked for the rising insects. They came in fifties and in hundreds, and over the long, swaying stretch of green—flecked itself with pale blossom—their white flutterings wove an amazing web of beauty.

Yet, "it is not beauty I demand," not beauty only that I miss, that I sigh for since I drifted back into the ranks of the town-dwellers: it is the control and ownership of land, the care of its growing produce. In the garden I am sure my greatest pleasure came from the apple-trees: not only because the apple seems to me among fruits what the herring is among the fishes—the cheapest, the most accessible, and the best of all, but because the apple-gathering was a kind of harvest, an operation of some thought and care. My last days in the place were charmed and embittered by it. There was the keen pleasure, as always, of handling the fruit, stretching this way and that from the ladder, delightfully occupied for hours in the sweet, clean air; and there was also the keen stab of knowledge that very probably in my lifetime I should never again be the master of apple-trees. That sense of ownership, of a personal tie, is very strong, though very absurd: for what was I to the trees? I had not planted them, nor pruned them; yet it seemed to me, gathering the green globes that held there so handsome on the long branches, they would never have swelled so happily and prosperously save in a kind of response to care. This last was a bad apple-season with us, as with everyone, and eating-apples were far to seek; but the big kitchen sorts were a crop to brag of, so even were they in their per-

fection. My latest gathering was of a few that had been left on the highest boughs; there were nine apples, and they weighed over seven pounds—filling me with a pride of achievement such as I have long ceased to take, for instance, in any output of my pen.

But much stronger was my interest in the tiny farm—just what we call nowadays an economic holding, big enough to support a man and his family: some ten Irish acres, but of very good land. It is better land to-day than when we took it over; and odd it is for me to think how reluctantly I was forced into a responsibility which became the most delightful occupation of my middle age. Farming never attracted me as a boy, although there was a farm attached to the country rectory where I was bred; and my first instinct when I got control of fields was to sub-let them to a dairyman. But soon it became apparent that the need to respect his growing grass was a nuisance, and the big mobs of cattle, which he put on for a fortnight at a time to eat all bare, were a worse nuisance when pasture began to fail them; so I consented to keep cows. The two men whom we employed had, of course, that passion for dabbling in cattle which is bred in every Irish countryman, and they succeeded in implanting it even in me.

What there should be so fascinating in watching over the growth of beasts I cannot rightly imagine—especially where one is dealing only with the commonest sort of cattle, with no pretension to show-qualities. The only test of success lay in final prices; and there the battle was generally fought, as the moment to risk our fortunes was also decided, by my men, not by me. Still, the pleasure of daily inspection grew to be mine—most leisurely of pleasures—and towards the end of my experiences I was sometimes dragged into the fray of bargaining, and began

to taste its feverish joy. Perhaps it was only a species of vanity, since I never felt myself so plainly risen in good men's esteem as on a day when I succeeded in securing some twenty shillings more than the limit which was indicated as probable. These were the events—the great moments. But, after all, what really made the occupation was planning out the partition into meadow and pasture, selling at such times as to deal profitably with one's store of hay, experimenting with fertilizers, and so forth.

It was of no mean interest to observe how very conservative is the farming type if left to its own devices. My head-worker was not only a skilled gardener, but a man of first-rate general intelligence: yet on a farm his tendency was to do all as he had seen it done from boyhood. Where his training told was in prompt recognition of facts. He was very sceptical about artificial grass-manures till he had tried one; but when the result came, against his prophecies, he was quick to show me how its benefit extended even into a second year. He scouted the idea of a one-horse plough till it was forced on him; but after a year's use of it on the acre that we kept in tillage, he told me that it had nearly saved its total cost. Still, every innovation was a fight, and because I happened always to be away from home when potatoes had to be planted, planted they always were in the old-fashioned way, from cut sections, not sprouted, and often from inferior seed. Nor could I persuade him to spray the plants, as is done to-day in Ireland everywhere that the potato-crop is a man's main dependence. I was referred to the example of our neighbors—first-rate farmers, too, in all but their neglect of this precaution. We got our lesson, though we did not get time to profit by it, when the wet summer of 1910 left us with blackened stalks

before July was half over. One of my last experiences was the farmer's sense of personal disgrace when I went to help the men dig out a few early drills, and found every second potato an ugly rotten mass. I remembered how the year before, as we worked side by side there in the crumbling earth, my gardener had broken silence with one of his rare expressions of pleasure: "Any man would be pleased digging spuds like them," he said, as he opened up perhaps the twentieth root in succession, with its full complement of clean, even-sized, shapely tubers.

I am sorry we ended with a failure. But nevertheless we sold the produce of that acre (over and above the potatoes which kept our household going till November) for fifteen pounds, and we sold to a farmer who bought most of the crop in the ground. At any rate, my few years' experience made living and real to me the belief that land tilled is more profitable than land left to grow grass at its own sweet will; and that is a fundamental proposition which, I think, every legislator in these countries ought to be forced to verify, or confute, for himself.

Another discipline that I would put into that school for politicians which exists in my Utopia is the experience of manual labor. Gentlemen talk airily about an eight hours' or a ten hours' day; but do they know what it means? I have heard able editors declaring that they themselves wished greatly they could get off with an eight hours' shift: I have even heard members of Parliament declaring that their Parliamentary labors (save the mark) are often extended beyond that limit—as if that had something to do with the matter! It would really be a great and blessed thing if every educated man knew by bodily experience what it meant to dig eight hours and get half a crown for it.

The learner would have to be taken early. No man of middle age could, I

think, do a reasonable day's spade-work without going near to kill himself, unless he had been broken to it in boyhood. But even a couple of hours, or, better still, the task which an ordinary laborer will accomplish in two hours, would teach a man what labor means, and should, if he is a decent man, teach him to feel that sense of inferiority which the swimmer inspires among those who must drown if they fall in. Yet, like all the valuable moral lessons which life brings, this one is only acquired incidentally. Shooting and fishing develop the knack of observation, but would scarcely do so in a man who shot or fished, so to say, in cold blood, with an ulterior motive. The admirable effects of working beside working men are likelier to come if you do not go to seek for them.

Perhaps I am wrong: zest in the thing done need not be necessary to learning by the doing of it. But this much I know—that by owning a farm, by having a voice in the working of it, by putting my hand to all the elementary activities, I did find myself brought nearer to the central facts of life, and nearer to the men I employed. Comradeship was established. Also, I put my hand to the tasks because they tempted me, just like sailing a boat, managing a horse, or any of the other things that men normally do for sport; and I found, if not sport in them, at least pleasure. It was not indeed that drunkenness of happy physical exertion which Tolstol has described in a famous chapter; that can come only to the young and the very strong, and then scarcely except in the harvest, which is a kind of carnival of the year. But still, there was a pleasure of bodily exertion which entirely relaxed and rested the mind, and seemed to bring an added self-respect, as one learnt mastery over some of those ordinary businesses of early civilized man which

have dropped out of our too complex development.

It was curious, too, to observe how partial is that training of the body through the routine of games which most of us undergo. Such muscles as are needed to swing an axe I found tolerably sufficient—but perhaps only because I had learnt the knack as a boy. I could work a cross-cut saw as long as my men, but to sever a branch the thickness of my leg with a hand-saw would fatigue me horribly. A pick was, like an axe, no trouble to use; but one soon found that the jar brought on a deadly nerve-tiredness, hard to get rid of. But where absolute inferiority showed itself was in all the work that taxed spine and loins—digging or shovelling. And it is not simply physical strength that the novice lacks: what distinguishes the good worker is the swing or rhythm by which he always saves himself the dead lift. Nothing looks simpler than shovelling gravel into a cart, but if you try along with a workman you will find the difference in results, and (if you are observant) will perceive and correct the difference of method. More skilled forms of labor, such as building a hayrick, no amateur can hope to acquire; even pitching hay off a cart is most baffling to a beginner. But I honestly pride myself in the belief that, working for three or four hours at a stretch, I was worth, say, three-pence an hour; and it saddens me beyond words to reflect that this gift is now locked up useless and perishing.

Still, something has entered into me which was not there before. I am free of certain communions not accessible to the uninitiated: I have realized the pleasure which a laborer experiences in seeing a good crop and in harvesting it, and the added and different pleasure of feeling that the crop you harvest is your own. Whether a town-bred man, coming to that life in mid-

die age as I did, would learn what I learnt is a question: the education in all country lore must begin early, though a countryman can make himself a very sufficient Londoner in ten or a dozen years. How to set out if you lack all such country knowledge as one cannot remember learning—if, for instance, you cannot distinguish the various trees? Yet it is only of late that I learnt something of the grain of woods, how thorn is the best for burning, how a poplar log clogs the saw but will split for a mere impulse of the axe, and so on. And in learning these things, I learnt above all to respect the inherited knowledge of a countryside, the wisdom of a good outdoor laborer. My man could readily and effectually put his hand to painting and glazing; when we needed to build a small room he knew how to shape a slate, how to roughcast a wall, just as naturally as he knew how to set a saw or sharpen a scythe. In our intercourse I began to realize what a training is the countryman's life. "Sure any man that had hands on him could do that," was a phrase that I heard many a time when we discussed this or that job a little off the regular lines—fixing wire fences, laying a pipe to carry water-supply to the field where our cattle were, and the like. And I saw, too, how out of this general resourcefulness there grows a natural quick adaptability.

An old water-ram supplied the garden, and it was out of gear when we came; it never was really in order, yet year in and year out this gardener kept it going by constant tinkering at the tricky machinery, and at the control of the sluices. On the land you learn to do things for yourself, and not be calling in the specialist. Add to this a general knowledge of rough leechcraft for beasts, partly traditional, partly acquired, like all the working man's knowledge, by watching the skilled man and noting his methods in a mem-

ory which has never been spoilt by a dependence on the written word: in that way you get some notion of the country-bred type—which in England is perishing from among you.

Once I was struck with the limitation which habits of depending on machinery had bred even in countrymen. To work our little rotation, we grew now and then small strips of oats, no larger than what you see in Connemara, and we had missed our chance of catching the threshing-machine which travelled round the farms of that neighborhood. I came home, found rats devouring the unthreshed corn, and wrote to the county of my own upbringing for a couple of flails. Not one of the three hands whom I then had could handle the flails properly—to the huge contempt of a strapping lass who came from where the flails did, and who set to work with a will for the men's instruction. I thanked my stars that I had learnt that particular trick long years ago in those far-off hills of Donegal, and so escaped her frank derision.

One thing more. Living on the land gave me full confidence (not that I ever lacked it) not merely to deny, but to ridicule and spit upon an opinion which often enough is put forward. A "gentleman" (to speak by the card), it is said, lowers himself in the eyes of working people if he puts his hand to servile labor. God help us all, if that were so! For my own part, though it had become natural for my men to send for me without more ado when an extra hand was needed in any sudden pressure, and to save up things which needed extra help till I should be available, no one ever got more ungrudging service or better value for wages paid; and I think I got more than service, as certainly I gave more than wages. I think our liking and respect were mutual. If to-day we breed "class-conscious Socialists," perhaps that is be-

cause yearly fewer of us, gentle and simple, live together on the land.

Old-fashioned cotton-spinners and millowners used to insist that their sons should put in their period of apprenticeship, working beside the hands; and it seems that this practice is dropping into disuse. If so, the separateness of class life is being increased here also. When gentlemen farmed their own land, there was a natural give-and-take between employer and employed which developed the human bond far more than it emphasized the class distinction. To-day I think the great institution of perfected pastimes (so unlike the old village cricket-match) is taking the place of those pleasures which generations before us found in overseeing men, beasts, and crops. And, pathetically enough, those who seem most anxious to develop the peasant life anew, the votaries of small holdings, are town-bred men. In English politics, the Radical party, more especially in the younger generation, seems to be that group which has lost touch most completely with the land.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Mr. Walter Long (my ideal of an English politician, if it were not for his opinions), and on the other side Sir Edward Grey, are almost the only statesmen who strike me, not merely as lacking the town-bred compassion for the yokel, but as possessing the countryman's far more deeply seated contempt for the ignorance of townsfolk. Such men alone are fitted to understand and to help the field laborer, who is, to my thinking, of all laborers the least mechanically minded, and, under favorable conditions, the best-educated man.

However, this is no place to talk politics. What I find, analyzing my own consciousness and setting down the result, for students of such things, is that five years' living upon the land, in charge of land, leaves me altered, and, I hope, enriched. And it is with a sense of incompleteness, as though I lacked henceforward something natural to man's proper development, and to a reasonable life, that I have said, for a period anyhow, farewell to the land.

Stephen Gwynn.

## ANALOGIES.

### III.—THE DOOR.

Almost everything happens on one side or other of a door; even the most out of door things, such as battles, are born as certainly as babies behind a closed door, and often a locked one. A nation which has no doors can have no history. The door, in fact, is so indispensable an adjunct of life that it may be considered another element. Earth, Air, Fire, Water, and the Door—should run the passage in the children's guide to knowledge. It plays a thousand parts. It is the "first division in Heaven" between social light and darkness, between publicity and privacy. It is perhaps the only thing on earth

which sees both sides of a question. If a man is no hero to his valet, what must he be to his Door? It is his only real confidant. Compared with it his very diary is a stranger. He can admit you to no more secret *camarilla* than that composed of himself, you, and his doorpost. But he is even more genuine without you. "Shut, shut the door, good John!" he cries, knowing full well that he is not thereby shutting out the real world, but shutting it in; and he looks gratefully at the bulkhead which for a time will keep from him the waves and watery shams without. The "sporting oak" may have meanings as innumerable as men and their ways.

Mystery lurks on each side of it. Deep ocean yawning beneath the planking of a ship is not more unfathomed than he or they, who stand separated from us only by an inch of flat deal. The knock itself, one of the voices of the Door, may be as startling as the roar of a cannon or as comforting as the crooning of a nurse. "Whence comes that knocking?" quavered the Thane of Cawdor. Does friend or foe, bore or blessing, mercy or murder, salvation or ruin, stand without? How many a man has paused fearfully before he cried "Come in!" Or the ring at the bell—"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell!" The criminal cowers in his chair, seeing through the wood blue uniforms, doom faces, perhaps a black cross-tree with foul manila rope dependent—aye, hear it not, for, awful as it is, it is not the awfulest of earth's sounds. The Door hath that, too, in its gamut, and thou, perhaps, shalt hear it when in the hopeless dawn the turn of the warder's key in the lock, summoning thee to Heaven or to Hell, shall wrench thy heart upward faster than the bolt from the staple. Or knock or ring may be the signals of deliverance, of intense relief, announcing the return of some overdue loved one, of a wife who has lost her train, of the doctor in agony awaited, of the postman bearing thee remittances, or of him coming to release thee and thine from the balliffs. The Door has, indeed, many voices. What eloquence in its bang, significance even in the gradations of its bangedness. A terrific slam—the operator is in a towering rage, probably in the wrong and aware of it, almost certainly repentant before eve. Bad people, it should be mentioned, do not bang doors at all; theirs is the silent exit. Distrust him who, like the treacherous month, goes out like a lamb. On the other hand you may have confidence in him who, careless or hot-tempered—it matters

not which—shakes Olympus with his comings and goings. A lesser slam, firm but not violent, noiseless but not noisy, betokens a mind made up to an unpleasant resolution or an unwelcome verdict. "Nothing more to be said," it declares, "To Australia graceless Johnny shall go"! A still smaller reverberation has invariably the intonation of injured rectitude. It is for those who feel ill-used or are unrecognizedly in the right. Edwin rejected by Edwina employs it with effect; so does Pa crossed by Ma, or Mary Ann rebuked by her mistress. Or, indeed, the victors may use it, too; for such encounters present examples, unknown to science or the School of Athens, of equivalent antitheses, of the equivalency of pro- and antagonist. Each is hopelessly in the right. The Greek dramatists themselves, for all their searching of the human soul, missed this, the commonest incident of the play of life. The Door alone preserves it. "Bang"—"Bang"—"Quits"!

Someone is ill in the house. The doctor comes and goes all through the night. His token is the sigh of a door closing softly overhead. To those who watch and wait in other rooms the faint sound rings like a pistol shot. Oh! for the cheery slam of other days, the strong tread across the room heard afterwards! Once more towards dawn it opens, and this time is shut so silently that the listeners rather feel than hear it close. It has let out a soul, and in a moment the building is full of something new and awful.

Doors have faces, too, an infinite variety of them, which age cannot wither nor custom stale. The other day we, fast qualifying now for the Veteran Reserve, stood again before the green balze which thirty years ago used to admit us, a short-legged boy at a private seminary, shaking like Ague Cheek, into the presence of our Dr. Busby for sacrifice to St. Bridget. It

is now the *entrée* to the smoking-room of a genial stockbroker; the only rods now therein are his fishing tools which deck the walls, the only stripes those of his college blazers, the only tears those of laughter at the latest *jeux d'esprit* from the "House." But we trembled again as we confronted that dull green face, with its bright brass handle and the worn patch around it, and heard the clothly sob of its closing behind us.

To Algernon, waiting to be let in to tea with the girl of his choice, that London front-door is all smiles, its varnish flashes a welcome, he stands between "Servants" and "Visitors" (last vestiges of an aristocratic nation, what fun the historian of A.D. 4000 will make of these inscriptions) ready to take both to his heart. But think you that very same door looked thus to little Davy Wilkie, whilst waiting nervously to be admitted to that unpleasant interview with Caleb Whitefoord which he has immortalized in his *Letter of Introduction*? Or looks it the same to the burglar, the hereditary enemy of Doors, scrutinizing its uncompromising visage by the light of the lantern? There is a picture of an old oak door which leads from a noble apartment, the chief room of a castle, out into a lovely orchard. For centuries it has been the way to pleasure: lovers, hunters, lordly loafers, and lovely ladies have all gone out by it, with a benison, to their several occupations. But now it is a spectacle of affright. It strains at its bolts and hinges; an arrow-head or two stick out from its beams; it gapes, and through the opening are thrust a sword point, a halberd head, and fierce, hungry fingers. On this side a group of splendidly attired women are huddled together on the floor, crazy with fear, a picturesque litter which fills the foreground. But they are not the *clow* of the picture. Even without them it would lose but little. You scarcely see

them, and you are as unable as they with their wild looks to turn your eyes from the cracking timbers. It is the struggling Door which is the cynosure.

Is it not again the hero of the piece in Blake's immortal vision, opening its "ponderous and marble jaws" to admit the worn-out graybeard? But no fewer than four great word-painters, intending to lay the final touch on the picture of Death, have given the Terror not a thousand claws, or fangs, but a "thousand doors" (one says *ten thousand*) "to let out life." Nor, with all reverence, is the door subsidiary, but rather equal to that sad Figure—"the Light of the World"—listening unhopeful (the lack of expectation in the eyes is *the* masterpiece in this masterpiece) by lantern light. Consider, too, whether it could be spared from that joy of the print shops, Mrs. Merritt's "Love locked out," locked out, as he so often is, *a mensa et thoro* by the postern of treachery, weariness, or misunderstanding; or from Landseer's pathetic little canvas, entitled "Suspense,"<sup>1</sup> whereon a noble dog gazes earnestly at the closed door through which his knightly master has just been borne desperately wounded, as the goutts of blood on the carpet testify. But dogs and doors are old antagonists. Loved to lover, babe to mother, what are these compared with a dog and his divinity, from whom too often he is cut off by a slab of vile wood, its smug face as abominably impressionable by tell-tale scratches as it is impervious to yearning eyes, permitting nothing, indeed, but windy *errumphs*, like the blasts of a distant elephant, through the grinning crack beneath?

And has the Door no moods? Had that thick oak which shut in Kempenfelt and *would* not give—had it no sympathy with the outraged battleship, the most "Royal George," of 100 guns

<sup>1</sup> In the South Kensington Museum.

swallowing huge gulps of water, like a cockney in distress off Margate, by the clumsiness of a conceited lieutenant? And moods are variable kittle, both in wood and women. We remember once reading the confession of a condemned murderer. The victim had been the keeper of a common lodging-house who, for some reason, had become an object of hatred to one of his tenants, a laborer. One morning the landlord was found in bed battered to pulp with a spade. The assassin related how twice during that fatal night he had stolen to his enemy's bedroom threshold armed with a knife; but the

*The Spectator.*

closed door had daunted him, and he had crept back an innocent man. But passing that door again, as he went out to work with his tools in the early morning, he found it ajar, and irresistibly, so he said, he turned in and did his deed.

Yes, doors are concerned with much, with, as we said, almost everything. The great Builder has put them everywhere about the mansion of life, but it is not His doing that some, opening into Bluebeard's chambers, bear over the lintel the legend, "All hope abandon ye who enter here!"

*Linesman.*

### VERNON AND THE VICEROY.

For a subaltern officer Mr. Richard Vernon had a surprising amount of assurance. Whenever it was in any way possible he did what he wanted to do, and when balked in his will he usually expressed his disappointment in pungent terms. He prided himself on his candor, and he exercised this endearing quality with equal freedom and pleasure, save only in the presence of the few persons for whom he really entertained a heartfelt respect. And yet, unlike the ordinary candid person, he had a certain charm of manner which generally earned him forgiveness from those whom he offended by his speech; while even those who disliked him were fain to confess that he was a sportsman, and one who did both his work and his play in a very proper and hearty spirit.

Now Richard Vernon, above all things, loved shooting; not so much the slaying of birds as the extermination of large beasts, such as tiger, bear, panther, and bison, and as he liked his colonel, and refrained from the exercise of overmuch candor towards him, that officer was decently reasonable, as Vernon put it, in the matter of leave.

So it came about that at the end of March in a certain year Vernon gathered together his shooting-kit and set out to a certain jungle where big game was to be had. He travelled by train, bullock cart, and camel, and he might have done well had he not fallen in with one of the lords of the forest and offended him pretty deeply by a few home-truths. Vernon said afterwards that he was unable to resist talking to this person about the notorious selfishness of forest officers and civilian officials in so often doing their best to exclude the poor soldier-officer from even a small share of big game shooting. He no doubt expressed himself freely, too freely, and the result was that though he got a permit to shoot he got no big game to shoot at. How this was effected does not matter at all. Suffice it to say that those who rule the land in India can also rule the game, and if it is given out that such-and-such a sahib must shoot no tiger, that sahib will assuredly return home tigerless, though the jungle in which he shoots is notoriously full of these carnivora at ordinary times.

Vernon wandered about for a month,

and had to be content with peafowl and jungle-cocks, which kept the pot boiling, but added no trophies to the ancestral hall in Queen's Gate, S.W. During that time he got no letters and no newspapers, but trekking slowly forward he at length reached the marches of another lord of the jungle, whom so far he had not met, and therefore had not offended. To him he sent a messenger asking for a permit to shoot, and after some days the permit arrived. Vernon rejoiced, for hope sprang eternal in his breast, and the spark of hope was now fanned to bright flame by certain villagers, who reported that a tiger, very large and fierce, dwelt in their midst and caused havoc amongst their cattle.

Vernon arranged all things for the extermination of the beast. He held consultation with the skilful and knowing men of the neighborhood, he arranged for beaters, he purchased a fat young buffalo and tied him up for the tiger, and he caused a machan to be built close to the sacrificial victim. All things were in train, so Vernon thought, when just as he was preparing to set forth one afternoon to take his seat in the machan there arrived at his camp a belted and weary chuprassi. This person, alighting from his pony, and making obeisance with all the lowliness of one who is truly great, handed Vernon a note, and when he had read it Vernon was almost speechless with anger and disappointment.

It came from the unknown forest-officer, and it conveyed to Vernon the unwelcome tidings that His Excellency the Viceroy had suddenly taken it into his head to interrupt a journey and to have a go at tiger shooting. Therefore, Vernon was required to obliterate himself, for when an august personage desires to shoot a tiger, a tiger he must shoot, and lesser men must give way with what appetite they may.

Vernon was speechless. Had he possessed the power to call down fire from heaven to consume His Excellency he would have been willing, but unable to do so, because wrath for once tied his tongue. Never was a man so angry before, and it was while he was in this unamiable mood that he espied a stranger coming towards him along the jungle-track.

The Viceroy descended blithely from the beautiful white Viceregal train and climbed, amid the respectful smiles of his entourage, to the howdah of an elephant hastily borrowed for his use. The loftiness of His Excellency's post, the gravity of his mien, the superb condescension of his bow, the suavity of his smile, the breadth of his noble white forehead—these and other things clearly testified to the fact that here was one born to the purple, in this case vicarious purple, but just as deep-hued as the original tincture from Tyre. Indeed, the Viceroy prided himself on his knowledge of men and on his power to govern them in a manner that gave pleasure to himself and satisfaction to his temporary subjects. Never had there been a Viceroy so pleased, so justly pleased, with himself and his own rule.

But he had never claimed to rule elephants, for even the greatest of human Viceroys has his limitations. None knew this better than Lord Chilworth, and in his most exalted moments he had never aspired to control an insane or seditious elephant.

Clearly the elephant, so hastily borrowed for His Excellency's use, must have been mad or treasonable, for when Lord Chilworth had one leg in the howdah and the other supported by the tips of his toes upon the top rung of the little silver-plated ladder, the ponderous beast uttered a shrill scream and struggled violently up from his recumbent position. The Viceroy, one leg

in and one leg out, clung desperately to the sides of the howdah, and it was not until the seditious pachyderm was dashing along at full gallop that by almost superhuman agility he contrived to get to a safer seat. When he did so he found that the Mahout had disappeared. That indispensable person had either been unseated from his post behind the elephant's ears by the unexpected behaviour of his beast, or, terrified by the prospect of the Viceregal anger, had cast himself off. At all events he was gone, and the Viceroy, swaying and bumping on the back of an uncontrolled elephant, was dashing across country in the direction of thick forest, at what sailors call the rate of knots. Under these circumstances it is only decent to draw a veil over the feelings of His Excellency's companions, who were left panic-stricken on the ground.

The elephant sailed along at a magnificent pace; he was also what is called a stayer. The ground slid past beneath the Viceroy, like the water past a ship's side; occasionally a village appeared in the distance, suddenly arrived alongside, and as quickly disappeared behind. Then the sombre line of the forest loomed up; the Viceroy noted the redness of the sun as it dipped behind the gloomy darkness of the mass of trees, then he and his elephant were charging in amongst them—and with a bump and a thump His Excellency found himself lying on mother earth, and heard his steed crashing away into the distance.

Lord Chilworth felt himself all over, and it was with a sense of surprise that he found himself to be unhurt. Around him lay the *debris* of the howdah, which, coming in contact with the mighty limb of a massive tree, had been torn from the elephant's back; he surveyed the splintered wood and wondered how he had escaped a fractured skull. Then he picked himself up and looked round him. He saw a small

track leading through the forest; he followed it, not heeding which way he went.

When he had walked for half an hour, the Viceroy espied the twinkle of a fire, and he made for it at an accelerated pace.

The fire was the fire that cooked Vernon's frugal meal; and the Viceroy was the stranger whom Vernon saw advancing towards him.

Everyone knows the Viceroy's face, or at least everyone knew the face of that particular Viceroy. His friends said that the countenance of so great a man must be familiar to all; his enemies, more terse, said simply, "once seen, never forgotten." At all events, as soon as he came to the light Vernon recognized him at once, and he was torn by varying feelings. It has been said that he was very angry at being deprived of his shoot; he became angrier still when he saw the unconscious author of his wrongs. On the other hand, even Vernon felt a certain respect for the King's representative, and to this was added the obligation of hospitality towards the stranger within his gates.

In the fraction of a second, and by a process of reasoning too quick even for himself to realize, Vernon decided on what line to take. It was perhaps not quite ingenuous, but let him condemn Vernon who will.

"Good evening," said Vernon, "are you camping near here? I thought I was the only person in these parts just at present."

This was strictly true, for the belted *chuprassi* ought to have been at least a day's march ahead of the Viceroy, and would have been so but for the speed and staying power of the borrowed elephant.

"Good evening," said Lord Chilworth genially, little suspecting the feelings that raged in Vernon's breast; "no, I

am not exactly camping near here; at least, I have been bolted with, and I have lost my camp and the people I was with."

"Really!" replied Vernon; "got bolted with? Jolly lucky you weren't hurt under these trees. But have a drink, won't you?"

Lord Chillworth was so glad at the prospect of assuaging his thirst, that he omitted to explain about the elephant. Vernon roared to his bearer, and when the latter appeared, bearing cold tea, the Viceroy, if disappointed at seeing such a beverage, forebore to say so, and swallowed a large quantity of it. He then accepted a cigarette from his host as well as an invitation to dinner, and while Vernon departed to interview his servant, and see what could be done in the way of food, His Excellency pondered upon the situation.

It was evident to him that Vernon had no idea of his guest's illustrious identity, and it distinctly tickled his sense of humor that this should be so. There was something rather piquant in the situation, and he tried to remember instances of monarchs who had mingled, unknown, with their subjects, and had tried in this way to pick up a wrinkle as to the proper ways of governing. Peter the Great—yes, surely it was Peter the Great, or was it Alfred? Pondering this point, the Viceroy began to nod, for he was tired by his somewhat violent and unusual progress through the land that he ruled.

Vernon returned to find his guest asleep.

"My lad," he said to himself, apostrophizing the unconscious Viceroy; "I'll tell you a few things about yourself when you wake up—unless you tell me who you are. I shall enjoy talking to you, my bonny boy. And you have had the bad manners to put your feet on the only table."

When Abdul announced that dinner was ready, but that he could not serve it while the Sahib had his feet on the one table in camp, Vernon shook Lord Chillworth.

"Wake up," he said, "the Kag is ready, and I am afraid we must have the table."

The Viceroy woke with a start.

"Hullo!" he said, "was I asleep? Very rude of me— Want the table, do you?"

He removed his feet, and Vernon asked him if he would like a bath.

"I think I will be content with washing my hands and face," replied Lord Chillworth.

Vernon called him a dirty pig beneath his breath, for he was still very wrathful, and led him to his tent, where the Viceroy performed his ablutions.

Presently they seated themselves at the small camp-table, the Viceroy uncomfortably ensconced in Vernon's only deck-chair, which, although the seat of honor, was much too low; Vernon sat upon a packing-case turned end-upwards, which was as much too high and very hard. Between them a camp-lantern burned as dimly as camp-lanterns do, and before each lay a tin plate. The fare was modest and not very well cooked, but the Viceroy was hungry. Had any member of his family seen him biting at a peacock's leg held in his two hands, he would probably have been both surprised and shocked.

"Shot anything?" said the Viceroy.

"Not a bally thing," replied Vernon; "no luck at all."

"Why's that? Is there no big game here?"

Vernon assumed an air of innocence that was quite miraculous.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I was going out after a tiger I have had news of, this very night, but I have just been warned off."

"Warned off?" queried his guest; "how's that?"

"I had a letter from the boss forest-officer just before you came, saying that the tiger must all be kept for the Viceroy."

Lord Chilworth had the grace to blush.

"Really?" he said. "That must be a great disappointment to you. I am sure the Viceroy can't know of it."

"Of course, he doesn't exactly know," Vernon replied; "I mean he does not know that I—I have been kicked out after sweating in these jungles for over a month. But he must know, simply can't help knowing, that everyone else has got to clear out when he comes along."

"Oh, indeed he does not know that," answered the Viceroy; "and what is more, it is the last thing he would like."

"Well, if he does not know it, he jolly well ought to. He can't suppose that no one but himself wants to have a dart at the tiger."

"Probably it has never occurred to him in that light," said Lord Chilworth, feeling with relief that he was speaking the truth.

"Then he must be a greater ass than he is said to be," Vernon answered.

The Viceroy nearly choked at this, but recovered himself in the nick of time.

"You must forgive me, if by any chance you are a pal of his," Vernon went on coolly.

"Well, I do certainly know him," said the Viceroy.

"What sort of a chap is he?" asked Vernon.

"I like him myself," said the Viceroy, with a covert smile; "rather a good fellow, I think. Oh, yes, I quite like him."

"Bit of an ass, isn't he?"

Lord Chilworth's covert smile vanished.

"What on earth makes you think that?" he said. "His Excellency is generally considered a clever man."

"Clever? Oh yes, double-first at Oxford and all that sort of thing, I suppose, but he seems to be a pretty putrid sort of ass in a good many ways."

Vernon himself was surprised at his own boldness; the Viceroy was simply petrified. He wondered what Peter the Great—or was it Alfred? would have done under similar circumstances.

"How so?" he asked, in a muffled voice.

"Well," said Vernon, "take a small thing—this shooting business—Leave me out of it altogether, and just think what an infernal nuisance it must be to everyone when Chilworth suddenly remembers that he would like to shoot. The civilians of the district are worried to death; the forest officers lose their heads trying to arrange for a tiger or two to be rounded up. The whole native population are pulled out in a hurry, taken away from their friends, and told they have got to beat, and that if the Lord Sahib does not shoot a tiger there will be the devil to pay. In fact the whole countryside is turned upside down, because this rotter thinks he wants to shoot. They say he is a rotten shot, too."

The last statement was even more strictly true than the others, and it hit the Viceroy on a sore point.

"Oh no," he rejoined, "he really does not shoot badly."

"Well, I heard he could not shoot for sour apples," was the uncompromising reply; "a civilian, who was on one of the big shoots last year, told me he missed a great fat bison at about forty yards. Standing still, too."

"Oh no, the beast was moving," said the Viceroy eagerly.

"Oh, were you there?" said Vernon. The Viceroy evaded the question.

"I heard about it," he said, "and I

know the bison was on the move. But apart from the shooting, what makes you disapprove of His Excellency?"

Vernon pondered awhile, wondering how to seize his opportunity and where to begin.

"Well," he said, "it is hardly for me to buck about Viceroys and that sort of person. And, anyway, if you are a pal of his you might repeat to him what is being said about him, and that would hardly do, you know."

"I shall not breathe a single word to him, though I happen to know that Lord Chilworth is always glad to be informed of what may be called unofficial opinion. He is not too proud to learn."

The Viceroy smiled a superior smile. "Isn't he?" answered Vernon, "I thought he was a vain kind of ass and had no end of an opinion of his own abilities; really, you know, he must have that or he would not do what any fool could tell him is wrong."

"Suppose," said Lord Chilworth, "that you quote an instance."

"Well, what about the way he invariably upholds a native against a European?"

"Oh, pardon me," rejoined the Viceroy, "only when the European is in the wrong."

"Not a bit of it. Look at the number of assault cases on Tommies. Every native knows that a Tommy's word will not be taken; a crowd of them get together and assault a couple of harmless Tommies who are walking in the bazaar or are out shooting. They give them a deuce of a time, and when the Tommies run them in, they swear that they beat them because a temple was desecrated or a woman assaulted."

"But you are entirely wrong," Lord Chilworth replied. "Why, only last week some men who assaulted a soldier received very heavy sentences indeed."

"Yes, that is quite true, but anybody could tell you, or rather could tell the Viceroy, that till recent times no native dared assault a Tommy, not because he was a Tommy, but simply because he was a Sahib. Sahibs were respected in those days; now, thanks to the Chilworth's predecessor, Womersley, and to Chilworth himself, they are not respected any more. And I will tell you of another case that happened to a fellow in my own regiment, a chap called Bagley. His landlord, a native, came to dun old Bagley for his rent which was a week or so overdue. He actually had the cheek to walk into Bagley's rooms with his shoes on. Bagley ordered him out and the chap would not go, so Bagley threw him out. The native ran Bagley in for assault: he swore he had been half-killed, Bagley was put under arrest, by special direction of the Viceroy, who ordered that full particulars of the case should be sent to him."

"It was a most scandalous assault," broke in Lord Chilworth.

"Oh, you heard about it, did you? The lies that native told were simply beyond belief; no one but a really clever man could have believed them, and they were only beaten by the lies in the local native paper. The fellow was hardly touched, and you might have thought that he had been half-killed. Well, Bagley was under arrest for three weeks; then he was tried by a civil court, and fined a hundred rupees, and finally, by the Viceroy's special orders, his application to be posted to the Remount Department was refused. I suppose Chilworth thought Bagley would beat the remounts. All that practically meant three punishments for Bagley, and all because he hove out of his room a native who had the cheek to come into it with his shoes on. You can imagine how the native papers talked about it, and the effect on the natives round

where we were quartered wasn't exactly good."

"But there were other aspects of the case," said Lord Chilworth; but Vernon broke in—

"The only other aspect was that the Viceroy absolutely ignored what Bagley had to say in extenuation. Of course he had committed an assault, and he said so, and explained why he had committed it. But it was no good, and he got it in the neck. To my mind there was neither justice nor policy, but, of course, Chilworth was quite pleased with himself, and he doubtless thought he had buttered up the natives to some tune. I only hope he was pleased."

"You are very candid in the expression of your ideas, young man," said the Viceroy; "do you think it is discreet to criticize your superiors in this way? It seems to me to be not only wanting in respect, but wanting in wisdom too."

"You asked me yourself to tell you why I thought Chilworth an ass, that is why I have done so. Of course I should not have slanged a pal of yours if you had not invited me to do so. But it can hardly hurt Chilworth, for you promised not to repeat it to him. Not that it would do him any harm to hear for once what people think of him."

The Viceroy was surprised to find how much Vernon's words rankled; had someone told him that the criticisms of an irresponsible subaltern would sting him he would have scoffed at the notion. But, as it was, he was deeply wounded. Explanations were out of the question, and had they been possible would have been scarcely consistent with his dignity. Yet he longed to state his version of the matters mentioned, in the hopes of winning his critic to a more favorable opinion. The charm of *Incognito* had ceased; he felt like an accused man who is precluded

from saying a single word in his own defence.

Vernon, on the other hand, was enjoying himself intensely; to speak one's mind is often a pleasure, to speak it to a person before whom one has usually to preserve a respectful silence is a pleasure enhanced beyond words. He felt that he was having a glorious innings, and now that he was well "set" he determined to have another slog or two at the bowling.

"I suppose the chap means well," he said, with the air of one who makes a concession, "but he really is such a poisonous ass that one almost feels sorry for him. He would probably do all right if he were not so frightfully self-satisfied; he seems to think he is the only chap in this country who knows anything about anything, and the consequence is that he has done a lot of harm. Why can't he listen to his advisers more? They are experts; anyway, they have spent their lives out here and have had some chance of learning about the country."

Lord Chilworth wilted again; never since he had been a small boy at Eton had he been compelled to listen to such horrible things. And it was by his own doing that he had to listen to them now. Yet he could see no way of escape without giving himself away. He thanked his stars that there was no witness to his present humiliation. The hectoring tone adopted by his companion had left him without a kick in him; it was not his rôle to be a passive listener, but Vernon had compelled him to adopt it, and to this offence had added the injury of showing him the picture of himself as seen by all the Vernons in India, and possibly by others older and wiser than that candid young officer.

But there was worse to come.

"He is such a conceited beast, too. When he visits a place and has a State departure everyone has to go down to

the station in full uniform to see him off. Well, you ought to see the way that fellow walks across the platform, he hardly condescends to acknowledge the salutes. He perhaps throws a word to the General and the Commissioner, then he puffs out his bally chest and struts into his train as the King himself would not do. He generally gets in before his wife, too, which really is a bit thick. Of course he is Viceroy, and she isn't, but it seems a bit unnecessary all the same. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps he looks on it as a constitutional matter," suggested Lord Chilworth, uneasily.

"Oh, that's rather rot, I think. And there is another thing he likes to do: if he wants a parade—though why a civilian like him should want to review soldiers I can't think—you can almost bet he will order it for a Thursday. He can't possibly remember that Thursday is the weekly holiday in India. It is a bit thick, don't you think?"

Lord Chilworth threw away the glowing end of his cheroot with a jerk of irritation.

"I feel," he said, "that I must speak a word for the Viceroy; you see I know him pretty well, and I think you judge him harshly. Of course it was I who asked you to speak out your mind, so I must not complain if I hear my friend abused. But you must try to make some allowance for his difficulties."

"Oh, I do," said Vernon blandly, "we all do. Of course he is a Balliol man and a double-first and all that, and having been at Cambridge myself I know what sort of a handicap that is to a fellow. I always try to make that clear to fellows, but chaps who have not been to the Varsity naturally cannot understand. When I think of the Viceroy I always thank heaven, like Bunyan or Baxter or some other old cock in history, who, when he saw a

chap going to be hung, always remembered that it might have been himself. I realize that it might have happened to me, just like it has happened to Chilworth, and I tell you I feel jolly sorry for him."

"That is kind of you," rejoined the Viceroy, without the least irony; "and what school did you take at Cambridge?"

"I didn't take any school, and that is just where my luck held good. Suppose I had gone in for a Tripos and by some extraordinary accident had taken Honors, I might have turned out an A1 smug. But I was sent down; a little affair with the Dean, you know, and though the bounder behaved like a cad I must say I can't help feeling grateful to him."

"Sent down?" said the Viceroy, adding, with some malice, "Wine, I suppose?"

"Oh no, not drunk, if that is what you mean—a little affair of blowing in the fellow's door. But that chap never had any sense of humor. Rather like Chilworth again."

Again the Viceroy winced; whatever he said he always got hurt. He rose from the deck-chair.

"My companions will never find me to-night," he said. "I wonder if you could give me some kind of shake-down."

"Rather," answered the other. "I have told my bearer to give you my bed, and I will sleep on a charpoy. We will find your camp all right in the morning. Nobody will be anxious about you in the meantime, I suppose?"

"Well, I daresay there will be some little anxiety on my behalf," replied Lord Chilworth, "but, really, I don't quite know what is to be done. Do you?"

"Oh, take it easy till morning," said Vernon; "we will find them or they will find us all right when to-morrow comes."

He rather enjoyed the idea of the gilded staff spending a night in frenzied search for the ruler of the land. There was something very unusual about such a thing, for Viceroy's do not get misled with any frequency.

During the watches of the night Lord Chilworth wondered how he could escape from further suffering at the hands of his host, and how, too, he could avoid recognition by him. He brooded miserably over what had been said to him with such bold and brutal candor, and the more he thought of it, the more humiliated he felt, and the more anxious to escape further racking in this manner. He felt sure that he would blurt out an admission of his identity if he were subjected to any more of Vernon's gadfly tactics. It was not until the cocks had begun to crow that the Viceroy fell into an uneasy slumber.

Vernon also lay awake; he was at first too full of pleasure at his performance to think of sleep. He remembered all the biting things that he had said, and he felt sure that they had bitten deep; he wondered if anyone had ever before had such a chance of smiting the exalted, or having it, had dared to use it. This particular Amalekite had been smitten hip and thigh; he had taken some woundy thrusts under his fifth rib, he had been hewn in pieces like Agag. And the blighter had deserved every bit of it, if only for the fact of withholding his identity.

Then another thought occurred to Vernon. It suddenly struck him that he had been horribly inhospitable and had taken pains to insult his guest. He had been deliberately offensive and had simply laid himself out to hurt his guest's feelings and to wound him in every possible way.

In the hour of victory repentance seized the candid Mr. Vernon.

The next morning the Viceroy awoke early; he had half-intended to steal out of camp in the hope of avoiding his host, but he found that that gentleman had already risen and was walking up and down outside. Vernon espied the Viceroy standing at the tent door and approached him.

"Sir," he said, "I owe you an apology. I knew who you were all the time last night, though I pretended that I did not. I said the most absolutely caddish things to you, and I beg your pardon."

Lord Chilworth gazed at him open-mouthed; this was not the kind of speech that he had expected from his host, and he was so surprised at his change of tone that he failed to realize the full audacity of Vernon's conduct of the previous night.

"You mean to say that you knew who I was!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir, of course I knew you were the Viceroy," said Vernon doggedly.

"Really you are the most astonishing young man," replied Lord Chilworth; "but I must own that to some extent I brought it on myself. I ought to have told you who I was, for then of course you would not have been quite so honest with me. You are pretty candid, are you not?"

When the Viceregal staff arrived, nearly distraught with searching for their Lord and Master, they found him and Vernon discussing tinned sausages together in the most friendly way. There was quite an amicable dispute as to who should take the odd sausage, but finally the Viceroy gracefully accepted it.

"Sausages," he said, "are one of the few really dependable and trustworthy things that ever came out of Cambridge—always excepting yourself."

"Really, sir," answered Vernon, "the

Dean was the most rotten chap. He ought never to have sent me down."

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

"Ah, but he did lack a sense of humor, didn't he?" said the Viceroy slyly.

*E. Christian.*

## THE NEW ERA IN CHINA.

It would be a curious subject of research to ascertain about what date the last British orator and the last British newspaper discoursed on the unchanging East. We should hazard the guess that it was probably about the time, four years ago, when Lord Cromer gave to the world a history of his Consulate in Egypt, which was in effect a sermon on Aristotle's text that Asiatics are naturally slaves. Persia in the interval has won her freedom and been robbed of it. Turkey is passing through her second General Election. China has seen this week the euthanasia of the Manchu dynasty and the birth of the first Oriental Republic. Our wonder has so far passed that it is only with the local circumstances of the miracle in China that our minds are busied. Change in the stagnant East is already normal, and we are only startled because in the most conservative of all Eastern lands it has taken a form so extreme. The pace of the transformation has indeed been accelerated with terrific impetus. The world was mildly amused when, as an appendix to the first of the two Near East revolutions, there came an edict from the Chinese Throne which laid down the programme of a gradual advance to full representative government. It was sketched with pedantic exactitude, outlining year by year the steps to be followed in this seemingly vertiginous change. But events have outstripped the calendar, and in half the time allotted to the transition from autocracy to responsible government, China has become a Federal Republic. The reforms, which seemed to come spontaneously by an initiative from

above, must have been in fact a concession to pressure which probably was formidable and menacing though applied in secret.

The Manchu dynasty was, in fact, almost the only modern institution in China. A form of government which has a mere 270 years behind it has hardly begun to be venerable in a land which has seen no break and but little change in its civilization since the days of dynasties contemporary with the Romans. One is inclined to think that the extreme hatred and contempt with which recent generations have regarded it does some injustice at least to its early records. It brought stable government after anarchy and discord, and reduced the half-conquered borderlands to order. The Manchus were neither barbarous nor illiterate when they seized the throne, and they rapidly assimilated Chinese culture. In their decay they have but illustrated the fate of every parasitic class. Had they possessed the elasticity of mind required to learn European drill and to manage a quick-firer, the Republican movement might never have advanced beyond the stage of conspiracy and propaganda. The Manchus have succumbed to their own lethargy of mind, and their destiny is now to become the one absolutely negligible factor in the new order. The generous terms which the Republic has accorded to the dethroned dynasty and the privileged caste which supported it are probably not the outcome of any sentimental generosity or magnanimity. They mean, we suspect, that the Chinese are satisfied that the Manchus are too enervated, too incompetent, too incapable

of adjusting themselves to a modern world to constitute a danger to the State. Had the Chinese believed the Manchus capable of troubling the new era by a formidable counter-revolution, their programme would probably have included beheadings and exile. It is because they are consciously strong in the millions behind them, in the monopoly of trained troops and scientific strategy, that they have dared to be generous. The settlement which they have dictated displays a certain cynical wisdom. It gives to the Manchus what probably is the one thing for which this economically helpless caste seriously cares—the means of continuing its sheltered and dependent existence on a basis of public bounty. It buys in return the continuity under the Republic of the sacred duties and theocratic prestige which the old dynasty possessed. The Emperor resigns all secular authority, but he remains, in the phrase of the "Daily Telegraph's" correspondent, a Pontifex Maximus, who will shield the innovators from the wrath of neglected ancestors, and allay the superstitious fears of the conservative masses. At the cost of a dole of dollars to the Court and a promise of rice to the Bannermen, the Republic has made its peace with the past.

We shall expect to hear it said in accents of regret and alarm that the party of reform has made a gross mistake in extorting a Republic from the Manchus. They will be told, as they were told in the early stages of the civil war, that a Constitutional Monarchy would have served their ends equally well and exposed them to fewer risks. For our part we are inclined to question this facile wisdom. By removing the dynasty altogether from the politics, the Republicans have insured themselves against the dangers which have proved fatal to popular movements in Russia and Persia, and nearly wrecked the Constitution in

Turkey. Had they left a Manchu Regent at the head of the Government, with a Dowager Empress at his right hand and a horde of princes, courtiers, eunuchs, harem ladies, and Tartar generals on the left, the fortunes of a constitutional Monarchy would have been beset at every turn by intrigue and menaced at every misfortune by reaction. Russia, and perhaps Japan, would have known how to aid and encourage the Court party, and the tragedy of Teheran might have been repeated in Peking. We should hesitate to say that, even as things are, the risk of such complications has been wholly removed. If the Republic were to be involved in civil wars or foreign conflicts, and if the boy-Emperor were to develop in his seclusion an aggressive personality, it is conceivable that a restoration might be attempted. But at least for some years to come the Republic gains a clear field for its momentous experiment.

The chief peril that confronts the Republic springs from quite another quarter. The Republican movement is nationalist first and democratic afterwards. It has played with schemes for establishing a military dictatorship for a term of years by way of preparing China for self-government. One need not question the sincerity of the reformers who have drafted this programme, but their wisdom clearly leaves much to be desired. A dictatorship would be accepted by the Chinese only if they are unworthy of freedom, and it would be endured only if they failed to make progress. When one learns that the Republicans further propose to introduce universal military service, one seems to see already nascent the faults and errors of the Young Turks. The proposal to arm the Chinese race is plausible, and indeed inevitable. How else can it secure itself permanently in a world which acknowledges no code of international justice

against the appetites of Russia and Japan and the wayward glances of other Powers at its "place in the sun"? It has just lost Mongolia, and will be lucky if it can ward off Japanese ambitions in Manchuria. No patriot and no fair-minded European could deny the duty to arm. But if the proposal really is to go so far and so fast as immediate universal service, the risks, to our thinking, are likely to outweigh the gains. Conscription involves a shock to the traditions of the Chinese race which the Republic can hardly as yet be strong enough to administer with impunity. In a country so poor as China, the mere cost of equipping and maintaining a great army, even without reckoning the loss involved in the withdrawal of productive labor, must burden its resources as flood and famine together could hardly do. The knowledge that China will soon be able to defend herself will tempt her enemies to hasten the blow, while the dread of so vast a "yellow horde" as soon may be under arms will hardly increase the cordiality of the welcome which her neighbors extend to the Republic. It must be altogether

The Nation.

beyond the resources of the Republic to equip and to train an army of more than moderate size, and if she attempts more than this she must cripple herself in credit, alienate the goodwill of her own citizens, and delay the improvement of her communications—all of them factors in defence at least as vital as the size of her army. There is probably no single event which could do so much to assure the world's peace during the next twenty years as the rapid evolution of a strong, orderly, and progressive government in China. But a régime which should attempt to reproduce the nervous Chauvinism of the Young Turks might make of the Middle Kingdom a continual cause of wrangles and wars. Defence is a duty which the European Powers have been at pains to impress on the Chinese by a long series of aggressions and injustices. But the interests of defence itself will be jeopardized if the Republicans attempt to inoculate a singularly pacific race with the spirit of militarism. European Liberalism will watch the new era in China with interest and sympathy, but not without anxiety.

## A WINTER'S WALK IN ANDALUCIA.

It has been said, and often repeated, that walking in the South of Spain is unpleasant, if not impossible, and it may be at once admitted that to the Spaniard it is incomprehensible. The Spaniard's energy is passive, fatalist, oriental. He will suffer with a patient smile untold things in a *diligencia* rather than cover half the distance on foot. It may be admitted too that the walker's spirit must be that of Oedipus, the exiled wanderer of old, who journeyed

Asking but little and receiving less,  
And still with this content.

He will meet with many discomforts: the inns are primitive, the beds are hard, the food is scarce, the inn-fare will be found as limited as was Don Quixote's —*su venteril y limitada cena*. Indeed, the inns remain to-day as Cervantes knew them all too well three centuries ago. The small caldrons of the various dinners brought by travellers are set round the great wood-fire, the *candela*, burning under an immense chimney at one end of the court, from which a few rooms open and stairs lead to the upper story. Round the *candela* in winter a group of men sit

and talk, the circle widening as the evening advances. The blue smoke from a bundle of thyme or rosemary or olive cuttings before it breaks into flame half hides the figures round the fire. A silent woman in black with long black kerchief moves to and fro and lifts a simmering lid or throws in salt or a bay-leaf or *pimiento*, garlic, saffron or other condiment. Now and then a file of mules or donkeys rattles across the cobbles of the centre of the court or *patio* to the stables beyond, and presently their driver reappears, and after a drink of water from one of a row of porous jars—the heavy jar raised high above his head to drink—he joins the fire circle, bringing his bread and onions, and scraps of this and that to be cooked and spiced.

February is one of the best months for walking in Andalusia. The sun is not yet too hot, the days allow a sufficient number of walking hours if a start is made at dawn, and there is no need to follow the old proverb that he who goes to Andalusia should journey by night and sleep by day:

Quien fuese á Andalusia  
Camine de noche y duerma de día.

The "laid traveller," however, fares ill in Spain, and every hour after sunset lessens his chance of a bed. At one village inn conversation was going on a little over an hour from midnight, when a slight tap was heard at the door. A dead silence fell, and although the knocking continued at intervals for upwards of an hour, not another word was spoken in the inn that night.

Even in February rain is rare; it will scarcely be a hindrance one day in twenty. February, moreover, is a month of great beauty. It is the month of the almond-tree in flower: in some parts, as near Bobadilla, only a few of them have ventured to open their buds to the cruel wind; in others, as in the

sheltered olive-country near Alcalá or the deep river valleys on the way from the sea to Granada, they are already half in leaf and a soft carpet of broken petals lies on road and grass and new-ploughed earth. Sometimes, in bare country, they stand outlined on a sky of deep blue, or, incredibly high up, mark the mountain-side with white and pink; or, as in the valley behind Jaén, the smoke from the white houses goes up through a cluster of almond-trees and sentinel cypresses. Sometimes the wind scatters whole almond blossoms, crushed and bruised, among the stones; sometimes it showers a gentle rain of exquisitely tinted petals across the white, dusty road. It is the month too of the blue (occasionally white) dwarf-iris, or *lirios*, lilies, as the peasant simply calls them. Banks and wide spaces by the road and sometimes whole fields are blue with them, and the air is filled with their scent. The rosemary (*romero*) and asphodel are in flower and some hill-sides are yellow with whin. Donkeys are met, hidden by sweet-smelling loads of whin and rosemary in full flower brought in for firing, only the donkey's head and feet appearing, and all his red and purple trappings and tassels invisible. In February the *garbanzos* are sown, the corn is several inches high, the broad beans in many places are in black and white flower; and the wind blows across fields of them, heavy-scented. The olives are cut back, the wood showing white where whole branches have been lopped away; occasionally vines are still being pruned; elsewhere men are ploughing, and one has a glimpse of bright red or blue shirt-sleeves and brown oxen as the ground under the olives is tilled. The women still wear thick woollen shawls of crimson and scarlet, brown and yellow and orange, and the men go closely wrapped in black *capas* with edges of velvet lining of vivid red or green or blue, or in

the older-fashioned double *capas* of brown.

The chief drawback of February is the prevalence in the uplands of an icy wind, blowing unchecked over wide shelterless plains. It is peculiarly subtle and penetrating and much feared by the Spaniards—*al loco y al aire dardes calle*. Meeting no obstacles, the wind is almost silent, till perhaps in some mountains of gray rock overhead one hears a sound of many torrents and expects to see their foam-white falls, but presently realizes that it is the wind beating and hissing against the bare rock. Or on an apparently calm day the wind will have force noiselessly to press open a closed but unfastened window. Cloudless days in the country about Córdoba or Ronda may be very beautiful to look on, but, owing to this wind, very unenjoyable to live in. At Granada too the air may be icy, but the Alhambra can seldom look more beautiful than seen in February from the cactus-covered hill beneath San Miguel, or from where the swift Darro flows immediately below—the red and yellow-brown towers, *dorées comme un rêve*, the crumbling walls of red brick and earth and great rounded stones of white or gray, the ancient ivy, the open white-pillared galleries, the slender windows, seen above gray elms and poplars faintly purple from their unexpanded buds, while higher up to the left the gray-white Generalife stands among its long avenues of cypress.

Many villages of Andalusía are only to be reached by footpaths, and in any case walking is preferable to the *diligencia*. For a drive in a Spanish *diligencia* is a long drama (a tragedy) acted by the coachman and the horses. All through the day, and still more strenuously through the night, the driver, rarely using his whip, calls encouragement to his mules and horses with a shrill chorus of snatches of song, while

the traveller is jerked and buffeted against the hard sides of the *coche*. The horses and mules appear really to appreciate the driver's furious monologue; they prick up their ears and spring forward at the long-drawn cry of "Horse," "Mule" — "*Caballo-allo-allo-allo*," "*Mula-ula-ula-ula*." It is with a sense of freedom and escape that one watches the unwieldy *coche* with its immense hood and team of eight or nine mules lurch and jingle and disappear in a cloud of dust. Each day brings to the walker new and varied scenery. He leaves a vine country of gray and yellow soil for high rust-colored hills covered far and wide with a spotted veil of olive-trees, or massive gray-rock mountains for delicate ranges of blue hills; he has a distant view of silver or azured sea-line or of mountain heights glittering serenely in their surplice of new-fallen snow. More than half-way towards Ronda from Arcos de la Frontera stands a large and solitary roadside inn. A grove of orange-trees is at the back. Beyond them the pale Guadalete flows swiftly over white stones between shrubs and fruit-trees, and, above, the peaks of the Sierra de Grazalema are covered with snow. All night in the silence of the neighboring mountains the cold clear cadence of the stream flowing through the valley of fruit-trees is the only sound audible. But when in the first light the snowy mountain-tops are marked clear against the sky of palest green and blue, and in the valley round the inn the black mass of foliage is seen to be dotted with oranges and sprayed with the pink and white blossom of almonds, the voice of the river loses its distinctness and the trees become musical with birds. In the early morning, as you sit round the *candela* that is kept burning through the night, the *mozo* (or ostler) will bring in a basket of frozen oranges, to be eaten an hour or two later in burning sun. From

there, crossing the Guadalete over stepping-stones, a path leads up to Grazalema. To the right the mountainside is gray and bare, but on the left tall rocky hills are surrounded and crowned with almond-trees in flower; farther up, the mountains wear the dark green of cork-woods, marked here and there by a thin blue coil of smoke from a charcoal-burner's fire. In the valley are a few *cortijos* and olive-mills of glistening white, with cypresses and orange-trees; the Guadalete, now a turbulent mountain-stream, turns the mill-wheels. The path is fringed with pale periwinkles, with irises and asphodels. In the shade of mossy rocks the ground is hard with ice and frost, but the sun already shines with an almost fierce heat. Above, the two or three snow peaks of the Sierra stand out on the blue sky. And so the path winds up and up to Grazalema, lying high on the hills against mountains of gray rock, the village itself half rock, since often it is not easy to say where the rock ceases and the house begins.

Another lovely winter's walk is from Andujar on the Guadalquivir to the village, or rather small group of houses, called Venta de Cardena. Of the ancient *venta*, that might possibly have been named after the inn in which Cardenio and the rest meet in *Don Quixote*, the inn in which so many and various were the adventures, where Sancho was tossed in the *corral* and Don Quixote slew the giant wine-skins, only the fragment of a wall remains, a mile from the village. But the walk to it is one of the most beautiful in Spain, and even more beautiful is the walk of forty kilometres down from Cardena to Montoro. At first the air is cold with frost and ice. The country is wild, thin woods of oak and *encina* (evergreen oak) border the road. There are large flocks of sheep, and in the sparse woodland many magpies and plaining birds and the occasional whir

of a partridge, yet even here some sunnier hollows are planted with vines and almond-trees. A little lower down the white road cuts through hill after hill of scented shrubs. Tiny yellow jonquills grow among the shrubs; there are brown, white, and yellow butterflies; there is the singing of many birds, the humming of bees, the rustling of lizards; the sun is hot, and one is in full summer. The hills are entirely covered with shrubs, lentisk, cistus, rosemary, *escalonia*, and a hundred more, mostly sweet-smelling, in every shade of "green" from blue-gray to brown and lightest yellow, and all ordered in a careful harmony that no gardener could rival. On either side are range upon range as far as the sight reaches of shrub-covered hills without a tree, dull-green and brown and blue. To the right the road passes above a wide, deep gorge with a small river far below, but soon the hills close in again. Occasionally come glimpses of blue distances and far valleys of more hills. On the left hills and still more hills, all treeless, and hill-valleys stretching to the Sierra de Jaén with its beautiful pyramid-shaped peak of much-sunned snow. So high and so distant it is that in the "purple noon's transparent might" the lower unsnowed part is faint and indistinct, and the summit seems at first to float in the sky, a snow-white cloud. Farther to the right and at a still greater distance appear the two more pointed peaks of the Sierra Nevada beyond Granada. The near hills of shrubs, the blue and purple of the farther hills, the delicate grayness of the distant mountains with their clear-cut snows on the pale blue of the winter sky, are all incomparably fair. Yet no strayed revellers from life's feast come this way; you will meet but some charcoal-seller with his laden donkeys journeying slowly from the hills.

The roads of Southern Spain are not

all bad; the very narrow one from Cardena to Montoro is excellent. The peasant gives the distance in leagues and not in hours, as in the North. The short-cuts usually prove to be the longest way, and the *atajos* pointed out by peasant and goatherd are best avoided, even if he does not warn you with Andalusian diminutives that it is a *caminito trabajoso*, "a rather difficult little path." The leagues in the hills have a strange elasticity; three leagues may be anything from fifteen kilometres to twenty-two. Indeed, it has happened that within a hundred yards three men, severally asked the distance to a village, have given it as one and a half, three, and four leagues. The one who proved to be the worst calculator added that, if tired, his house or *choza* was at the stranger's disposal for the night. The readiness and courtesy of the peasants are unfailing. Sometimes their calculations of distances appear, like the Irishman's, to be nicely adapted to what they think will be the questioner's wishes. One gave the number of leagues to a town as two and a half, but, on being told that there were certainly over four, answered readily enough, "Yes, over four there will be." Time and space, as measured by clocks and milestones, do not exist for the *andaluz*.

It is in the hill villages such as Grazalema, or in small towns such as Alcalá la Real, that one may see the inhabitants of Andalusia at their best. The Castilian will tell you that they lack seriousness and dignity—*no tienen formalidad*; the German will complain of their ignorance—*sie haben keine Kultur*; the Frenchman will compare them disparagingly with the Catalans or the Portuguese. But in fact they prove, with few exceptions, to be courteous, pleasant, hospitable, naturally refined; open-hearted, gay without malice, serviceable without thought of gain. The

innkeeper will "make his house yours" with a Castilian air, and the peasants, riding gravely on their mules and donkeys and greeting with a stately "*Vaya Vd con Dios*" or "*Dios guarde a Vd*," or conversing in the Plaza of their village wrapped in *capas* (cloaks) or long plaids (*mantas*), have both dignity and distinction. A little politeness with them will achieve what much argument, impatience, or even money would be powerless to effect, and at the words "*No se moleste Vd*" they will exert themselves immediately. It is almost laughable to observe the difference made by a "*Dispense Vd*" or "*Hagame Vd el favor*," and the "*¿Vd gusta?*" before eating—if it be but a crust of bread or an orange—is the shibboleth of good manners. The *andaluz* rarely lacks intelligence, but his education does not correspond with his intelligence. And one meets many a shrewd man, full of sense and humor, who can neither write nor read. The famous *andaluz* gaiety, *alegría*, often but thinly veils an underlying bitterness and pessimism, a distrust of their country and themselves that renders them sometimes cynical and listless. Their weakness is to talk to excess, to exaggerate from a lively imagination, and to do little work. They have never been accused of being persistently laborious. In the fields it seems to be always *siesta* time, always afternoon. Often one may see teams of patient mules or oxen standing at the plough, and, looking back an hour or two later, see them still standing outlined in the clear air, while the laborers lie sheltered from the wind or warm themselves round a fire or play cards. As a rule they do not leave their village for the fields until the sun is high in heaven. Wrapped to the eyes in plaids of gray and brown and red that fall to their feet, they throng the Plaza, standing motionless in large groups and circles, talking. At Durcal, for instance, a large

village under the Sierra Nevada, you may see them go out on their donkeys between eight and nine of a February morning, a blue mist of smoke still hanging in the olive-woods about the village, and ride slowly along the road to their work in the red fields of the wide high-lying plain.

It is the wealth of contrasts that gives to walking in Andalusia its delight and a keenness to each day's travel. One may journey through treeless, hedgeless country in an icy wind:

The bleak winds  
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush;

and then come suddenly on some sheltered hollow glowing in the sun's heat. One may pass from tracts "barren as banks of Libya" to tropical gardens rich in a hundred fruits and flowers. The country about stern Antequera is wrapped in ice, but, turning the pass above, one soon descends to lemon and orange trees and olives, white jonquills, irises and periwinkles, and almond-trees that have already shed half their blossom. Rough serrated mountain-ranges stretch to right and left; line after line of rocky hills hide Malaga and the coast below, but show the sea beyond. Far beneath the snow-line to the right Alora in the distance looks like a flock of sheep—the church the shepherd—on the hill-side. Nearer Malaga streams run through deep defiles of red and yellow soil scarred and wrinkled where torrents have poured down after rain. So steep are the hill-sides that the almond-trees upon them often stand at right angles to the river-bed below. At Malaga and along the coast the balconies and terraces of houses facing the sea are, even in win-

The National Review.

ter, heavy with trailing flowers. The road to Motril passes through fields of ripening sugar-cane that at evening give a strong scent as of hay, their leaves still hanging about them, a faded green; or, winding inland through scented pine-woods, shows blue glimpses of sea and then passes immediately above sheer cliffs under which the water, a deep green off the shore, swells and surges round islets of dark rock. Or one may walk for miles across wild tracts of brown pastures and undulating hills. Among dwarf-palm and heather feed splendid herds of cattle, and a mounted herdsman, erect, wrapped in his cloak, may be seen to approach the road, cross it, and become a mere speck on the further side. The exquisite browns and dull-greens of Andalusia that are seen above the white houses of Tarifa and Algeciras stretch on every side to the horizon; or the treeless, gently folding hills are a chequer of corn and ploughland. The wind seems to have moulded the hills to smooth delicately rounded shapes, soft as the continually melted snows of the highest *sierras*. The villages crown a hill here and there, conspicuous with their low snow-white houses running up straight streets of sharp cobbles to the church. And whether the traveller's way lie among the wooded hills or through a country with a look of Sussex downs, studded at wide intervals with white *cortijos*, immense and lonely, or where the Guadalquivir rushes, glides, and rushes under slopes of silvery-gray olives, he will find scenes of a loveliness not soon forgotten, and he will carry away many a reminiscence of true Spanish courtesy.

Audrey F. G. Bell.

# STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

## II.—THE PAINTER'S.

Mr. Paul Samways was in a mood of deep depression. The artistic temperament is peculiarly subject to these moods, but in Paul's case there was reason why he should take a gloomy view of things. His masterpiece, "The Shot Tower from Battersea Bridge," together with the companion picture "Battersea Bridge from the Shot Tower," had been purchased by a dealer for seventeen and sixpence. His sepia monochrome, "Night," had brought him an I.O.U. for five shillings. These were his sole earnings for the last six weeks, and starvation stared him in the face.

"If only I had a little capital!" he cried aloud in despair. "Enough to support me until my Academy picture is finished." His Academy picture was a masterly study entitled, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll," and he had been compelled to stop half-way across the Channel through sheer lack of ultramarine.

The clock struck two, reminding him that he had not lunched. He rose wearily and went to the little cupboard which served as a larder. There was but little there to make a satisfying meal—half a loaf of bread, a corner of cheese, and a small tube of Chinese-white. Mechanically he set the things out. . . .

He had finished and was clearing away when there came a knock at the door. His charwoman, whose duty it was to clean his brushes every week, came in with a card.

"A lady to see you, Sir," she said.

Paul read the card in astonishment.

"The Duchess of Winchester," he exclaimed. "What on earth— Show her in, please." Hastily picking up a brush and the first tube which came to hand, he placed himself in a dra-

matic position before his easel and set to work.

"How do you do, Mr. Samways?" said the Duchess.

"G—good afternoon," said Paul, embarrassed both by the presence of a duchess in his studio and by his sudden discovery that he was touching up a sunset with a tube of carbolio tooth paste.

"Our mutual friend, Lord Ernest Topwood, recommended me to come to you."

Paul, who had never met Lord Ernest, but had once seen his name in a ha'penny paper beneath a photograph of *Mr. Arnold Bennett*, bowed silently.

"As you probably guess, I want you to paint my daughter's portrait."

Paul opened his mouth to say that he was only a landscape painter, and then closed it again. After all, it was hardly fair to bother her Grace with technicalities.

"I hope you can undertake this commission," she said pleadingly.

"I shall be delighted," said Paul. "I am rather busy just now, but I could begin at two o'clock on Monday."

"Excellent," said the Duchess. "Till Monday, then." And Paul, still clutching the tooth paste, conducted her to her carriage.

Punctually at 3.15 on Monday Lady Hermione appeared. Paul drew a deep breath of astonishment when he saw her, for she was lovely beyond compare. All his skill as a landscape painter would be needed if he were to do justice to her beauty. As quickly as possible he placed her in position and set to work. . . .

"May I let my face go for a moment?" said Lady Hermione after three hours of it.

"Yes, let us stop," said Paul. He had outlined her in charcoal and burnt

cork, and it would be too dark to do any more that evening.

"Tell me where you first met Lord Ernest?" she asked as she came down to the fire.

"At the Savoy in June," said Paul boldly.

Lady Hermione laughed merrily. Paul, who had not regarded his last remark as one of his best things, looked at her in surprise.

"But your portrait of him was in the Academy in May!" she smiled.

Paul made up his mind quickly.

"Lady Hermione," he said with gravity, "do not speak to me of Lord Ernest again. Nor," he added hurriedly, "to Lord Ernest of me. When your picture is finished I will tell you why. Now it is time you went." He woke the Duchess up, and made a few commonplace remarks about the weather. "Remember," he whispered to Lady Hermione as he saw them to their car. She nodded and smiled.

The sittings went on daily. Sometimes Paul would paint rapidly with great sweeps of the brush; sometimes he would spend an hour trying to get on his palette the exact shade of green bice for the famous Winchester emeralds; sometimes in despair he would take a sponge and wipe the whole picture out, and then start madly again. And sometimes he would stop work altogether and tell Lady Hermione about his home-life. But always, when he woke the Duchess up at the end of the sitting, he would say, "Remember!" and Lady Hermione would nod back at him.

It was a spring-like day in March when the picture was finished, and nothing remained to do but to paint in the signature.

"It is beautiful!" said Lady Hermione, with enthusiasm. "Beautiful! Is it at all like me?"

Paul looked from her to the picture, and back to her again.

"No," he said. "Not a bit. You know, I am really a landscape painter."

"What do you mean?" she cried. "You are Peter Samways, A.R.A., the famous portrait painter!"

"No," he said sadly. "That was my secret. I am Paul Samways. A member of the Amateur Rowing Association, it is true, but only an unknown landscape painter. Peter Samways lives in the next studio, and he is not even a relation."

"Then you have deceived me! You have brought me here under false pretences!" She stamped her foot angrily. "My father will not buy that picture, and I forbid you to exhibit it as a portrait of myself."

"My dear Lady Hermione," said Paul, "you need not be alarmed. I propose to exhibit the picture as 'When the Heart is Young.' Nobody will recognize a likeness to you in it. And if the Duke does not buy it I have no doubt that some other purchaser will come along."

Lady Hermione looked at him thoughtfully. "Why did you do it?" she asked gently.

"Because I fell in love with you."

She dropped her eyes, and then raised them gallily to his. "Mother is still asleep," she whispered.

"Hermione!" he cried, dropping his palette and, putting his brush behind his ear.

She held out her arms to him.

As everybody remembers, "When the Heart is Young," by Paul Samways, was the feature of the Exhibition. It was bought for £10,000 by a retired bottle-manufacturer, whom it reminded a little of his late wife. Paul woke to find himself famous. But the success which began for him from this day did not spoil his simple and generous nature. He never forgot his brother artists, whose feet were not yet on the top of the ladder. Indeed one of his first

acts after he was married was to give a commission to Peter Samways, A.R. A.—nothing less than the painting of Pusch.

his wife's portrait. And Lady Hermione was delighted with the result.

A. A. M.

## LORD LISTER.

Another great "Victorian" has passed away in the world-famous inventor of antiseptic surgery. It may be questioned whether any single individual has ever rendered a greater service to humanity than Lord Lister. His discovery ranks as one of the three greatest in the history of medical science. It is perhaps worth mentioning that Joseph Lister was English, and not Scottish. If present impressions prevailed we should no doubt find Lister permanently included in the enumeration of Scottish worthies. The misunderstanding arose from the fact that Lord Lister married the daughter of a great Scottish surgeon, and that he held very important appointments in Glasgow and Edinburgh. But his parents were English, and he himself was born and educated in England. The date of Lister's great discovery is fixed by a series of five articles which he published in the *Lancet* in 1867, entitled "A New Method of Treating Compound Fractures, Abscess, etc., with Observations on the Conditions of Suppuration." Lord Lister would have been the last person to under-estimate his obligation to the great French chemist, Louis Pasteur, whose work on fermentation certainly placed the English surgeon on the road to his own more practical discovery. But this scarcely detracts from the originality of Lister's achievement. Pasteur had begun his chemical investigations in 1854, so that their results had for some time been available to the scientific and medical world. It was left to the English Lister to realize their significance for surgery and to give them their practical

application. It might be difficult to mention any human discovery or invention as an example of unqualified originality. Darwin's *Origin of Species*, we suppose, approaches as nearly as possible to that description. But even the Darwinian theories had been anticipated in such works as the *Vestiges of Creation* and in those of Malthus. Lister's achievement was in the practical rather than the theoretical domain. He was not a Darwin or a Spencer or even a Huxley. He was a practical surgeon who completely revolutionized his own craft by a wonderful application of certain results of modern scientific research. And the merit and efficiency of his reform have been so established as to give it, so far as can be humanly anticipated, the quality of absolute permanence.

To assess the importance of Lister's contribution to surgical practice it would be necessary to describe the conditions amid which it was made. The discovery of anæsthetics had vastly extended the scope of "surgical interference" with the human frame. It had made possible operations which previously could not have been even contemplated. But with the widening domain of surgical operation the mortality and suffering from post-operative suppuration also increased in proportion. The hospitals were full of cases of blood-poisoning, and this seriously qualified the beneficent results of the new anæsthetics. Lister's discovery was, indeed, the necessary supplement of non-conscious surgery. But Lister's antiseptic and aseptic methods

have done more than remove a whole range of post-operative dangers from surgical practice. Like the discovery of anaesthetics, they have vastly extended the area of remedial operation. Many operations which are now incidents of surgical routine were practically impossible before Lister made his great reforms. As most persons are aware, the new methods did not assume immediately their final form. Lister had no false and obstinate pride. He gave up his idea of carbolic spray as soon as it was found to be a needless and clumsy expedient. But the root principle of antiseptic surgery has never since been questioned, and, as we need hardly mention, the aseptic methods are merely a re-application of that principle. The difference is simply that, while antiseptic methods aim at destroying any bacteria that may be present, the object of aseptic appliances is to prevent bacteria ever entering the tissues.

It is a happy circumstance of our modern times that the inventor and literary man and artist, all who achieve great things in any department of human activity, are able to receive their reward and recognition in the course of their own lives. Lister's services

*The Outlook.*

to his profession and to humanity were gratefully and handsomely recognized. We believe he was the only member of the medical profession ever called to the House of Lords. And ten years ago he received what is supposed to be the highest possible tribute to sheer human merit which the nation is able to bestow, the Order of Merit. Long ago he had received the Royal Society's medal, also the Copley medal, and, from the hands of King Edward VII, the Albert medal of the Royal Society of Arts. His Court appointments were numerous; in his late years he was Sergeant-surgeon to King Edward VII and King George. His merits, we need scarcely add, have been abundantly recognized and honored by foreign academies and seats of learning. Recently the directors of the Institute Pasteur wired their condolences on the occasion of the death of the "rénovateur de la chirurgie," and generous appreciations appear in many of the leading Continental journals. The name of Lister is assured of a permanent place in any commemorative list of "the worthies of England," and will always be associated in particular with the spacious days of Queen Victoria.

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## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SHIRKING.

A good deal of ingenuity has been expended in biography in trying to explain how men of genius have accomplished certain important works, but a much more curious inquiry would be why and how certain men of undoubted ability have accomplished nothing. Samuel Smiles wrote an, in some respects, admirable book fifty years ago in which genius was said to be nine-tenths industry, and Carlyle, as is well known, defined genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains; but, on the

other hand, there is a kind of genius which is physiologically indolent and which only some sharp spur of necessity or privation can move to effort, or in which, in short, the will and the intellect seem alienated. One need, perhaps, only mention the names of Dr. Johnson, Hazlitt and Coleridge for purpose of present illustration, each of whom, we learn from biography and contemporary report (that unkind witness), was constitutionally indolent, so much so in fact that one is surprised

that they ever accomplished so much.

It is curious to notice that the essays of Dr. Johnson and Hazlitt are full of the praises of action and exhortations to diligence, and indeed a shrewd reader, with some knowledge of the literary character, might suspect from this very insistence an infirmity of will or purpose in the writer. Only one who understood by personal experience the insidious dangers of indolence or the psychology of shirking could have written the papers in the *Rambler*, the *Adventurer*, and the *Idler* on "The Various Arts of Self-delusion," "The Luxury of Vain Imagination," "Diligence too Soon Relaxed," "The Necessity of Perseverance," "Labor Necessary to Excellence," "The Hopes of Youth Fallacious," "The Importance of Punctuality," "The Idler's Character," "The Robbery of Time," "Disguises of Idleness," "Motions of the Flight of Time," "What Have Ye Done," "Omar's Plan of Life," and many other papers of the kind. And yet we know from Cave, the publisher, that these very essays were often not written on the day previous to going to press, thus causing the printers much embarrassment, and Johnson's unpunctuality was common knowledge. In the same manner scores of passages could be marked in the essays of Hazlitt in praise of will and action, which are inconsistent with much of what we know of the essayist from other good sources. Coleridge's indolence is too well known to require special reference, and the surprising fact here perhaps is that, in spite of his infirmity, he produced a certain quantity of lasting work. In his "Table Talk" he diagnoses his malady, which he speaks of as an experience of illness only:—

Illness never in the smallest degree affects my intellectual powers. I can think with all my ordinary vigor in the midst of pain, but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanning reluc-

tance and shrinking from action. I could not upon such occasions take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world.

One suspects from these and numerous other examples that this divorce of will and intellect, of thought and action, is not at all an uncommon phenomenon even in those men who, despite their fears, have accomplished much permanent and useful work. It is no doubt a natural vice, a physiological tendency of the literary mind, to substitute the will for the deed, to contemplate the end and neglect the means of attaining it, to exalt the intellect at the expense of will, or thought at the expense of action. Thus Hazlitt, like a true artist cultivating his own defect:—

It is impossible to have things done without doing them. This seems a truism, and yet what is more common than to suppose that we shall find things done merely by wishing it? To put the will for the deed is as usual in practice as it is contrary to common sense. There is, in fact, no absurdity, no contradiction, of which the will is not capable. . . . We will a thing; we contemplate the end intensely and think it done, neglecting the necessary means to accomplish it. The strong tendency of the mind towards it, the internal effort it makes to give being to the object of its idolatry, seems an adequate cause to produce the effect and in a manner identified with it.

Where the intellect is more than usually acute this danger is even greater, or at least when the will and intellect, the thought and its expression are not trained to work in unity; and even the finest intellect in the world is valueless if it neglects corresponding action or expression. In the very greatest men the will and the action are perhaps perfectly adjusted, and are a single operation, but in a very large number of cases this relation is imper-

fect and the cause does not produce its proper effect or the thought its expression, but the two are continually struggling with each other to no immediately harmonious result. There is, of course, a certain amount of will even in thought, but even this operation is not completed until it issues in some kind of action or expression—which is, indeed, but a part of the process of thought. Certain kinds of thought require some means of demonstration or a conclusion in action, just as although a man may be skilled at mental calculation, the higher mathematics demand instrument and diagrams. Nor can a man be perfectly happy until he has brought his thought to a practical issue; every one has probably experienced this satisfaction. "A man is relieved and gay," says Emerson, "when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him, no muse befriends, no invention, no hope."

And this is one of the evil tendencies of modern education and book knowledge—to exalt and educate the intellect at the expense of performance, although this is doubtless counteracted by the natural disposition of healthy normal minds to neglect the intellect for sport or *physical* expression of life. For this reason the successful men of to-day are not the highest or subtlest psychological intellects, but men in whom will and intellect are well balanced, and with a preference for the man of will and action to the man of rare mentality. This was well illustrated by a remark of Bismarck upon one occasion, on being told that Schopenhauer defined will power as the indestructible essence of the mind of man, and that intellect was only of secondary importance. "That may very

well be," was the statesman's significant comment, "at least, as far as I am concerned, for I have often noticed that my will had already come to a decision while my mind had not yet finished thinking about the same subject." This virtue of action is the virtue of work, and it has been the conclusion of the wise of all ages that nothing is better for the mind than some regular task or occupation. Without it thought itself is a disease, and doubtless this is the malady of much modern literature.

To what intellectual processes alone will lead is appallingly illustrated in the journals of the unhappy Amliel, who should be read once by everybody as an object-lesson of to what this introspective habit of thought and estrangement from life leads. There is not space in this article to quote, but in these pages is a perfect pathological and psychological record of the stages of the malady the logical end of which is insanity—in which, indeed, it has often ended. When it is too late he realizes the evil and prescribes the remedy—"How, then, is one to recover courage enough for action? By striving to restore in oneself something of that unconsciousness, spontaneity, instinct, which reconciles us to earth and makes man useful and relatively happy." Literature, in fact, is strewn with the wrecks of souls who have been drawn into the whirlpools of endless and futile thought or seduced by dream-sirens, and it is well sometimes, like Ulysses, to seal the ears to their seductive voices, calmly to pursue some purpose in action of our own. Temptations to indolence, to idle and dreamy thought, to habits of procrastination, assume sometimes a thousand surreptitious shapes, and it is not always easy to recognize them in their true character. The manner in which the intellect, which is the chief defaulter, deceives the will it would be interesting

to illustrate were it within the scope of the present article. But a single quotation from Mark Rutherford's "Pages from a Journal" may answer the immediate purpose:—

What we have once heard, really heard in our best moments, by that let us abide. There are multitudes of moments in which intelligent conviction in the truth of principles disappears, and we are able to do nothing more than fall back on mere dogged determination to go on, not to give up what we have once found to be true. . . . A principle cannot for ever appear to us in its pristine splendor. Not only are we tempted to forsake it by other and counter attractions, but it gets wearisome to us because it is a principle. It becomes a fetter we think. . . . One would like to have a record of all that passed through the soul of Ulysses when he rowed past the Sirens. In what intellectually subtle forms did not the desire to stay clothe itself to that intellectually subtle soul? . . . I remember once having determined, after much deliberation, that I ought to undertake a certain task which would occupy me for years. It was one which I could at any moment relinquish. After six months I began to flag, and my greatest hindrance was not the confessed desire for rest, but all kinds of the most fascinating principles or pseudo-principles. . . . I was narrowing my intellect, preventing the proper enjoyment of life, neglecting the sunshine, and so on.

In this all students will recognize the faces of familiar enemies, and the difficulty is that they are not always to be disregarded. Sometimes such symptoms precede a serious breakdown, and to ignore them is dangerous folly. But it is well to preserve always a balance between action and thought. Let us place against this an exhortation by Amiel:—

*The Academy.*

Do not violence to yourself, respect in yourself the oscillations of feeling. They are your life and your nature. One wiser than you ordained them. Do not abandon yourself either to instinct or to will. Instinct is a siren, will a despot. Be neither the slave of your impulses and sensations of the moment nor of an abstract and general plan; be open to what life brings from within and without and welcome the unforeseen, but give to you: life unity and bring the unforeseen within the lines of your plan. . . . Thus will your development be harmonious and the peace of Heaven will shine upon your brow—always on condition that your peace is made and that you have climbed your Calvary.

There can be very little doubt as to which is the greater danger—too much or too little action, and one may easily discover one's own tendency. The punishment in the latter case is doubtless far the harder to bear. To look back at thirty, forty, or fifty upon a wasted life and to remember what one hoped to achieve in youth is to the ambitious soul a torment worthy of the damned. And how many at thirty or forty suddenly awake one day to find themselves not famous and to compare their performance with that of those who have accomplished much at the same age! This situation is forcibly illustrated in Edwin Clayhanger, the protagonist of Mr. Arnold Bennett's novel, who at something after thirty discovers that he has done nothing. He reads of the death of Parnell and recollects that at his own age Parnell was a power in the country. And there he sat in his obscure middle-class home, like millions of others, having distinguished himself at thirty and something for nothing. The experience is a painful one, but is it ever too late to mend?

*F. H. M.*

## THE QUIET ONES.

Solitary children are usually quiet, and so are the children born late in the life of their parents. And in large families also are often to be found sometimes quite inexplicably one or two who are marked out from the rest by a strange detachment. They are the quiet ones. They take their share in the work and play of the others, perhaps, and yet somehow they are different. Children themselves are very quick to perceive this. "Oh, So-and-So's a queer fellow," they will say. If you ask why, they cannot explain. They shake their heads. "Oh, he's just queer," they say. The fact is, he is a quiet one. Sometimes, of course, it is merely abnormal shyness or acute sensitiveness or physical ill-health that causes this strange quiet. There are those who seem to be always longing to efface themselves, to pass unnoticed, to shrink from all contact with the world. They are in the world but not of it, and it seems kindest to let them run away and hide. And there are the maimed and crippled who can never forget that they are not as others and who cannot bear the hushed tones of our unspoken sympathy. It is the way of natural affection to keep them alive as long as possible, and yet surely not without a heartbreaking sigh of relief when the end comes at last. Then there are those doomed to an early death. How wistfully they look out upon life! There is a look in their eyes as if they see something in objects more than outward appearance. How quiet they are! Akin to the flowers and the birds they belong to a world within a world, but in their own homes they are always strangers.

But there is another quietness that arises from certain mental and spiritual qualities and that gives to its possessor an atmosphere of aloofness that

renders him suspect among his fellow-men. He has an inner life into which not even the most intimate of his friends can fully enter. It makes him independent in his intercourse with others. It affects his sense of the value of things. He is strangely indifferent to the things other men prize. He is generally misunderstood. Often he is considered cold, calculating, unfeeling. He is disliked, distrusted or feared. He takes everything so quietly.

The quality of quietness so described is something quite different from that produced by stupidity or dullness. It is something felt. Of course it may be the result of craft, of Machiavellian cunning, or it may be the quiet of conscious strength, of immense reserve force held purposely in check, the still strong man in whom the lady novelist especially delights.

There are those, too, who have been stunned by some shock, tragedy, or outrageous trick of Fortune. Perhaps they have loved too madly, or they have witnessed or taken part in some unforgettable horror, or they have been the helpless victims of some cruel injustice, or some unending remorse. Sinners or sinned against, it is all the same. They live their lives as other people, and there is only this to mark them out that in their eyes is a hunted, haunted look, and about them is a vague, pitiful quiet. We may live with them all their lives and never penetrate their secret. And then at last comes a time and we find they have passed away—sometimes by their own hands—and we learn, at last, perhaps by some old diary, old letters, or chance conversation, the mystery of their lives. We have been living all the time close to a great tragedy and we have never known it.

Old people are quiet as they sit with

their memories for hours before the fire. They have their secret. As they approach the dark corridors of death the veil that separates the invisible world from us is for them uplifted. The "shadow feared of men" has no terrors or horrors. It is for them that of a benign guide come to take them where dwell those whom they have loved and missed long ago. It is this that makes bearable that daily weakening of the muscles, that consciousness of declining powers.

And there are the "religious." How consolatory, surely, in a world of turmoil, to think of those quiet ones who, immured in monastery and convent, pray constantly for the sins of the world. They have counted the world well lost for a great ideal—and surely not in vain. And not only for those

*The Saturday Review.*

who have made the great renunciation, but for all who have more than a conventional belief, religion is the great "quieter." It gives us pause. Our great churches and cathedrals, with their dimly lit aisles and chapels, are places where we "hush and bless ourselves with silence." It was by the cultivation of absolute quiet that the mystics of old attained to that union with God which is the soul's uttermost bliss.

There are other silent ones, too, about us—condemned perhaps to eternal invisibility, lest the sight of them should drive men mad. We cannot see them. We cannot hear their footsteps. Only now and then do we become conscious of them, and we know beyond all power of doubt that they are near us, with us.

*A. E. Manning Foster.*

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## GERMAN POLITICS AND THE QUESTION OF ARMAMENTS.

The proceedings in the new Reichstag have so far been in the nature of preliminary skirmishes and tactical manoeuvres. But they deserve very close attention; for they signify a growing demand for self-government in Germany, and a growing desire for the institution of a Parliamentary system under which Ministers would be responsible to the Reichstag. The great feature of the new Reichstag is that the Socialist party (backed by about one-third of the total electorate) has succeeded, in spite of the obsolete division of seats, in becoming the strongest of the great party groups. It would, therefore, be entitled to elect the President; but the relations between the President and the Emperor make this impossible, for, while the Socialists repudiate Court ceremonial, the Emperor and his Government

profess to regard the Socialists as a disloyal anti-monarchical faction, whose ultimate aim is to upset not only the economic basis of society, but also the German Constitution, and even the dynasty. Now, the Conservatives and the National Liberals, who naturally regard Socialism as an appalling danger to the State, are admittedly responsible for its recent growth. In the last dozen years they have deliberately adopted and supported the rapid expansion of armaments at a cost which has far exceeded the natural growth of revenue, and has made it necessary in the interests of public credit to resort to additional taxation in order to check the growth of the Imperial debt. Every cool observer in Germany admits that the recent triumphs of Socialism are directly traceable to the increased taxes upon consumption which were

imposed three or four years ago. These taxes have pinched the working and lower middle classes, and the rising prices of food have thrown a large section of the people of Germany into revolt against the system of government, in spite of their respect for an efficient and honest bureaucracy. Thus the military and naval policy adopted by the strongest partisans of personal rule has made them instruments in undermining the very system they are pledged to support.

The situation was fairly and frankly faced by the Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg in a recent speech in the Reichstag. He complained that German Liberalism had moved over to the Left, and that this movement, coupled with the growth of Socialism, had produced the most uncertain political situation with which modern Germany has ever been confronted. He admitted that many of the Socialists are revisionists, who do not hold in their extreme crudity "the dogmas of class conflict, of deadly enmity against society and the Monarchical state." But even the revisionists "are at work to undermine the Monarchical sentiment of the people." The Chancellor deplored the election of a Vice-President who had spoken against the Imperial House, and went on to say that the direction of Government policy could not be changed in consequence of the issues of the elections. "The Government must stand firm; there must be no vacillation. You Socialists and your nearest neighbors regard the insecure general political situation as the right time still further to democratize our democratic franchise, and, by an extension of the so-called Constitutional guarantees, to change the basis of our Imperial Constitution. I will not put my hand to a further democratization of our franchise and to an attack on the foundations of the Imperial Constitution."

The Chancellor, after a protest against counting heads in politics, went on:—

Gentlemen, you desire further to place the political responsibility of the Chancellor which exists under the Constitution under the legally effective supervision of the Reichstag. So far I have not been conscious that there has even been a case in the history of the German Reichstag where the defective prerogatives of the Reichstag have been felt as a grave political shortcoming. Gentlemen, the proposal is born of doctrine. It means in a way the grant of Parliamentary rights by instalments. It could only have value as a stage on the way to Parliamentary rule. Gentlemen, a Chancellor dependent upon the Emperor and upon the King of Prussia is the necessary counter-weight to the freest of all franchises, which was granted by Prince Bismarck only on condition that the Federal Council and the Chancellor should retain their independence. ("Quite true," from the Right.) The electoral victory of the Socialists and the uncertainty in the orientation of the Monarchical parties among themselves is no reason for, but one more reason against, all attempts to disturb the relations of competency between the Emperor and the empire, between the Federal Council and Parliament.

We quote the above passage (which was loudly cheered by the Conservatives) in order to show exactly where the main antagonism lies between the Government on the one hand, and the parties of the Left on the other. The Imperial Chancellor feels that his policy is one which requires the support of argument. He points out the military advantage of a Government in which the people have little or no voice in the control of the army and navy. Germany's position in the world, he says, "is not so unchallenged that we can dispense with a rigid organization." So there must be a firm and settled policy without interference either from the Right or the Left. The

Government, he declares, has a social policy, and the Reichstag will have plenty to do if it will realize that the German Empire can be ruled neither by reaction nor by Radicalism. The antithesis between Conservative and Liberal is necessary and wholesome, in the opinion of the Chancellor; but this antithesis must be subordinated to the fundamental antagonism between the Monarchical parties and the Socialists. These paternal admonitions were punctuated with mocking laughter from the parties of the Left. But they seem to have satisfied the Right, though it must be noted that the Centre or Catholic party has a strong popular element, and is now inclined to demand political reforms of various kinds. Moreover, the Centre party is almost as strongly opposed as the Socialists to a further expansion of armaments. The Catholic party has again declared against the introduction of succession duties, and, indeed, is opposed to all forms of new taxation. *Germania*, the chief organ of the party, questions the necessity of any new burdens. "We may hope," it writes, "that the Reichstag will not lose its head, but that it will only agree to further taxes when the necessity for them is proved beyond any doubt. The Reichstag will certainly not refuse to do its duty in keeping the defences of the Empire at a fitting level. But, on the other hand, it has duties towards the people, whose interests it has been called upon to protect." The Catholic party has been always opposed to chauvinistic adventures and to national extravagance, and the Government may modify its financial policy if it finds a determined opponent in the Centrum. Critics of the Catholic and Conservative block, however, see in this new interest for the people's welfare nothing more than the old objection, always displayed by the parties of the Right, to any form of direct taxation. It re-

mains to be seen how far the Centrum's desire for economy will counteract the desire of its allies, the Conservatives, for increased armaments.

Happily, in Germany there is now general sympathy with the progress of an Anglo-German understanding. Writing in the Conservative *Kreuz Zeitung*, Professor Schiemann, famous both as a historian and as a leading authority on foreign affairs, has been dwelling on the advantages an understanding will bring. He warns his readers against premature announcements as to the field of negotiations, and points out that the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance will be maintained. But, he says, there will be a considerable modification. England has fulfilled her promises made in 1904 concerning Morocco, and France can no longer look for English help in a war of aggression against Germany. With reference to Mr. Asquith's statement as to last summer's naval activity, he writes: "We have all believed that England was planning an attack, and to this is due the deep feeling of bitterness that has spread through the nation. To justify this belief we had the definite statements of English officers, and the assertions of some important French newspapers, which dealt with England's army and navy as if they had command over English forces by land and sea. Now, in the great publicity of the British Parliament, before which they are responsible for the truth of their assertions, both Asquith and Gray have declared that this was a legend, and that the British Government had not for one moment entertained any thought of an attack upon Germany. It would be completely unjust if on our side we continued to adhere to the legend and to the opposite assertions." This, he continues, leaves the ground open for a wide and lasting understanding that would add much to the freedom of both Governments.

"But," he ends, "should the negotiations come to nothing, the situation will be much worse than before. The danger will be all the greater, for the im-

The Economist.

mense amount of inflammable material lying about in Europe will catch fire in some corner or other, as it did in Herzegovina in 1875."

## DICKENS AND NEW GRUB STREET.

The letters of Charles Dickens to W. H. Wells,<sup>1</sup> his assistant on *Household Words*, the *Daily News* and *A's the Year Round*, compiled by Mr. Lehmann, form a notable addition to literature. The astounding versatility of Dickens' genius, his swift comprehension, his unerring faculty for aiming at essentials, combined with an inexorable attention to detail, is vividly brought out in this record of the most brilliant and humane editor of his time. Punctilious in the discharge of his own obligations, Dickens had a vast charity and understanding for the frailties of Fleet Street. He tempered the wind to the shorn contributor, no impecunious journalist asked for an advance in vain.

Fleet Street as Dickens knew it has largely passed away. Its genial Bohemianism is slowly giving place to a chastened respectability, suggestive of cocoa, for it has none of the exuberance of Chadband. Opulent buildings have superseded the dirty and delightful publishing offices, and the editor comes a long way after the cashier. In these days the man in the chair knows nothing of cheques—a shivering journalist is referred to the counting-house, where superior persons eye him up and down and debate whether or no he can have five pounds to pay his rent.

In the days of Dickens it was otherwise.

Sala is very good [he writes]. Don't run him too close in the money way. I can't bear the thought of making anything like a hard bargain with him.

<sup>1</sup> "Charles Dickens as Editor." By R. C. ehmann. Smith Elder. 12s. 6d. net.

Notable among literary men for punctual delivery of "copy," Dickens had a wonderful tolerance for that erratic type of genius who, always behind with his stuff, works best with the thunder of the presses in his ears and the printer's decree at his elbow.

Will you [he is writing to Wells] represent to Mr. Sala the necessity and vital importance . . . of his being punctual and faithful in the performance of the work he has undertaken?

Pray take care that he distinctly understands beyond possibility of misconception that he can have money from you, while he is at work, as he wants it.

Visions of the joyous Sala running up and down the stairs of *Household Words* planking his copy before the harassed Wells and drawing delectable sovereigns on account, flash before one. Dickens realized the essential fact that a literary man has the same right to demand cash for brains as has an apple merchant for Ribstone Pippins.

There rises before me, as I read those wise and humane words, "He can have money . . . while he is at work," the memory of one of the saddest tragedies of Fleet Street. A young and erratic journalist with a reputation for brilliant writing and unpunctual delivery was contributing a series of articles to a weekly journal. Mindful of his reputation, the editor gave instructions he was not to be paid until the series was finished and the complete MSS. was in the office. Repeated applications met with decided refusals. The work needed concentration of mind, freedom from monetary pressure,

and the certainty of a good meal. Cash for brains would have answered the purpose admirably; the knowledge that money awaits the completion of an article has a stimulating effect on the pen; but the modern editor—with some few exceptions—is divorced from human intercourse with his contributor, and understands nothing of these things. The young journalist having delivered copy to the value of some thirty pounds, still without monetary result, gave up the struggle, and wrote *Finis* to the end of his life instead of the series. He died from starvation.

The same capacity for bearing with temperamental weakness, as apart from moral deficiency, is shown again and yet again in Dickens' editorial comments.

One gets occasional glimpses of the harassments inseparably connected with a man of his catholic sympathies. Occasionally a hungry contributor, possibly denied by the long-suffering Wells, chased the editor into the country and stormed "Gad's Hill."

Miss Power [says Dickens] is going to Alexandria, and no doubt wants all the money she has earned, or can earn.

Was she paid for "Things I Can't Stand"?

And was she paid for the poem now in type? I forget its name.

Will you let her have a cheque at once for anything we may owe her? *She is here.*

One is inclined to speculate as to Miss Power's proposed trip to Alexandria. Before now journalists have received mysterious commissions to proceed forthwith to the North Pole or the Congo—necessitating an immediate settlement in full. Dickens' letter suggests a beautiful acceptance of her story; the "no doubt" covers everything. Also Miss Power was at Gad's Hill!

Modern journalism, we are told, has struck a new note! Never was the

power of the Press so great or so far-reaching, and yet a reference to Dickens' comments and criticisms on popular topics shows that most of the burning questions of to-day were subject-matter for discussion in the columns of *Household Words*:

Do they teach trade in Workhouses, and try to fit *their* people (the worst part of them) for Society? Come with me to Tothill Fields, Bridewell, or to Shepherd's Bush, and I will show you what a workhouse girl is. Or look to my "Walk in a Workhouse" and to the glance at the youths I saw in one place, positively kept like wolves.

Turn again to the agitation as to the sale of Peerages: present-day writers must needs stand aghast to find their most telling headlines forestalled, their most eloquent diatribes discounted.

I want a great paper done, on the distribution of Titles in England [says Dickens]. It would be a very remarkable thing to take the list of the House of Peers, the list of Baronets and Knights and . . . divide the more recent titles into classes and ascertain what they were given for. How many chemists, how many men of science, how many writers, how many aldermen.

How much intellect represented.

How much imagination.

How much learning.

It is interesting to note that Dickens did not believe in the modern mania for advertisement either in or about his paper. He had a detestation of the poster, and insisted that only "good sensible bills" should be used, and referred bitterly to a hideous placard all askew invented in Whitefriars for "Hard Times."

The complaint of Dickens wakens a responsive feeling in the journalist of to-day: "We must have a great reform in the printing arrangements, without which it will be quite impossible to go on. *I have not yet seen one line in proof.* The consequence will be that I shall be

worried and fretted to death by being overwhelmed with proofs."

Again he wrote an impassioned plea against the impassivity of the head of the chapel. He expresses himself quite clearly on this point: "You know that I have no faith in advertising beyond a certain reasonable extent. I think it a popular delusion altogether."

Placards and posters may pass away, but inimitable, eternal printers' bloomers remain.

I have [says Dickens, obviously trying to be calm] two requests to make in connection with the enclosed copy. First, that you will severely reprove the Whitefriars people in my name, for having the negligence to send me yesterday the uncorrected proof after all. Secondly, that you will very carefully correct the proof of the new matter, and, if you have any doubt, refer to the manuscript.

As a critic Dickens' judgment was sound; he had an intuitive capacity for  
The Eye-Witness.

scenting out talent and many young writers who made their debut in the pages of *Household Words* owed much of their success to his helpful criticism and generous praise. His alterations were invariably improvements made with every consideration for the author. Among his young men in *Household Words* were James Payn, Wilkie Collins, the joyous Sala, Charles Reade, and Charles Lever—a goodly company, influenced and encouraged by the greatest genius of his age. Among the women writers were Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Lynn Linton.

Some of them attained lasting fame. All of them must have remembered the wise, kindly, vitalizing influence of the genius of Whitefriars, who understood above all others the eternal lack of pence that curses writing men and who never forgot the inalienable right of Fleet Street to demand Cash for Brains.

K. H.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Two volumes have been added to the charming "Tudor Shakespeare": The Life of Henry the Eighth, edited by Professor Charles G. Dunlap, of the University of Kansas; and A Midsummer Night's Dream, edited by Professor John W. Cunliffe of the University of Wisconsin. Each volume is furnished with an introduction, notes, a glossary and a list of textual variants, and each has a photogravure frontispiece, Queen Katharine in the first, and Queen Elizabeth in the second. The first impression of the daintiness, convenience and attractiveness of this edition is strengthened with each additional volume; and the editors have not made the too-common mistake of overloading the text with a superfluity of notes and illustrative suggestions. The Macmillan Co.

Any intelligent layman who is interested in medicine,—and most laymen and laywomen are—has an unusual opportunity offered him in the volume on "Scientific Features of Modern Medicine" published by the Columbia University Press. The volume contains eight lectures delivered by Frederic S. Lee, Professor of Physiology at Columbia University, on the Jesup foundation, last spring. Beginning with a sketch of the normal human body, and its various organs and functions, these lectures communicate the latest word of science regarding the nature and the diagnosis of disease, methods of its treatment, the relations to it of bacteria and protozoa, the problem of cancer and of tuberculosis, the treatment and the prevention of infectious diseases and the characteristics of mod-

ern surgery. All this and much more is told in a style wholly free from technicalities and singularly lucid,—touched, moreover, with humor, as when the lecturer, referring to the popular distrust of medicine, quotes the chilly Greek epigram: "Marcus, the doctor, called yesterday on the marble Zeus: though marble and though Zeus, his funeral is to-day."

"Rayton: a Backwoods Mystery," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts, is a story of adventure which holds the reader in genuine suspense until the author sees fit to unravel the tangle. During a game of poker, played in a backwoods settlement, one of the players suddenly finds two red crosses upon one of his cards. Misfortune immediately attends him, as it has befallen others in like circumstances according to an old tradition in the family. One after another falls victim to the diabolic fate, and many solutions are attempted and found wanting until the final disentanglement. The reader does not find himself greatly interested in any one character, even in Rayton the hero; the interest lies rather in the action of the plot, which never falters. Although almost melodramatic at times, it is healthy and stirring. L. C. Page & Co.

Socialism, in one form or another, under one name or another, theoretic, practical, economic, political, is making such rapid advances in Europe and the United States that an ardent and comprehensive exposition of its fundamental conceptions by a competent writer can hardly fail to interest even those readers who are far from accepting the writer's conclusions. Such an exposition is Miss Vida D. Scudder's "Socialism and Character" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). From Miss Scudder's point of view, Socialism is a sort of purified Christianity; and she finds Jesus as near the modern socialist in his view

of method as in his social ideal. Miss Scudder admits that the conservative Christian and the revolutionary socialist may seem not only to speak a different language but to think in different categories, but she does not despair of a reconciliation between them, and she regards such a reconciliation as "the one chance for escape from an ominous future." The essential purpose of her book is expressed in its title: she aims to show the effect of socialism upon character, and, in so doing, to distinguish sharply between what is essential and permanent in socialism and what is transient and accidental. Her book is one to compel attention and stimulate discussion.

To the "Home University Library" the Rev. Dr. William Barry contributes a volume on "The Papacy and Modern Times," which, although in proportions nothing more than the "political sketch" which the author calls it in his preface, has a breadth of view and a consistency of ideal which give it more than ordinary interest. Dr. Barry was himself in Rome on that historic twentieth of September, 1870, when the Italian army entered it and the temporal power of the Papacy was ended; and he writes of that day, and the history which led up to it, and the consequences which flowed from it with the scene itself vividly impressed upon his mind. His point of view is, of course, sympathetic, but it is by no means as a special pleader but as an historian that he presents his subject. To the same admirable series is added a volume on "Psychical Research" by Professor W. F. Barrett of the Royal College of Science, Dublin. Professor Barrett was formerly President of the Psychical Research Society, and he is not only familiar with the researches and experiments which have been conducted under its auspices, but has had a share in many of them. What he

writes in this volume, therefore, upon thought-reading, thought transference, suggestion, telepathy, visual hallucinations, dreams, the physical phenomena of spiritualism and automatic writing must be accepted as authoritative, so far at least as the statement of facts is concerned. As to the conclusions, readers will differ. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Kiyoshi K. Kawakami's volume on "American-Japanese Relations" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) is a book of more than ordinary interest and importance,—in fact, a book which no intelligent American, wishing to keep himself informed upon public and international affairs, can afford not to read. The author is a Japanese journalist, patriotic but broad-minded, and exceedingly well-informed upon all matters which touch the aspirations and policies of his government. He has made a thorough study of these, so far as they concern the relations between Japan and the United States; and his aim, in the present volume, is to present the history, from the Japanese point of view, of all questions which have arisen concerning American trade and diplomacy, the "open door," the control of Manchuria, the absorption of Korea, foreign loans, railroad-building and financing, neutralization, immigration, etc. Of all these he writes fully and fairly, in an admirably clear literary style, and with frequent citations from official documents. His undisguised aim is to justify the attitude and policy of Japan, but incidentally he seeks to remove misunderstandings which might, sooner or later, engender distrust if not strife. A certain section of the American press and a certain type of the American politician have so busied themselves in arousing suspicion and hostility toward Japan that it is highly useful to have so able and well-intentioned a presentation as this of what

may be called the Japanese "case." It is written in excellent temper, though the author would have been pardonable if, in treating of Japanese immigration and the revival of Denis-Kearneyism he had spoken with less reserve and moderation.

A most unusual and interesting book concerning the "Far East" has just been published by Doubleday, Page and Company under the title "Where Half the World is Waking Up." The author is Clarence Poe, apparently a man not yet in his middle years if his portraits tell the truth, the Editor of "The Progressive Farmer," and a Southerner. He went to Japan, Manchuria, Korea, China, Burma, the Philippines, and India, on an observation tour and with the avowed purpose of not describing the ordinary tourist-sights. He does indulge in a bit of rapture over the Taj-Mahal, and occasionally an exquisite view or a bit of real art forces him to show his ability to appreciate and understand such things; but the book is the product of a student of social conditions, a man of wide learning in his own branches of agriculture and political economy. He is frankly religious, and his pages teem with reflections upon missionary problems. His work has taught him to write a snappy, vital, almost-slangy English and his culture introduces unexpected and apposite quotations from all over the world of literature. The wages, the home life, the methods of laboring, the farms, the mills and factories, the character and characteristics of the Orientals as workmen—these are his theme. A more concise or a more amusing book on these branches of unpolite learning has not appeared for years. His experience has taught him to look on the yellow races without sentimental haloes and to see them from a novel point of view.

